National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 36. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864. WHOLE NO. 1,232.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT $2 50 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

A CHEERING VOICE FROM FRANCE.

REPLY OF MESSIEURS AGENOR DE GASPARIN, EDOUARD LABOULAYE, HENRI MARTIN, AUGUSTIN COCHIN, AND OTHER FRIENDS OF AMERICA IN FRANCE, TO THE LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.

GENTLEMEN: We would have thanked you much sooner but for the prolonged absence of one of our number. It would have been painful to us to have lost the collective character of this reply; for the blending of our four names is a proof of that great unity of sentiment upon all that concerns the cause of justice which by God's favor manifests itself here below, in spite of political and religious differences.

Yet we are careful not to overrate our personal importance. The League does not address us as individuals; it speaks to France, who cherishes, as a national tradition, the friendship of the United States. It speaks to European opinion, which will rise up and declare itself more clearly as it recognizes that the struggle is between Slavery and Liberty.

You have comprehended, gentlemen, that neither France nor Europe have been free from misapprehensions. Light did not at first dawn upon the nature of the salutary but painful crisis through which you are passing; it was not plain to all, at the outset, that the work inaugurated by the election of Mr. Lincoln yielded nothing in grandeur to that which your fathers accomplished with the aid of Lafayette and under the guidance of Washington.

Europe has had her errors, her hesitations, for which we are paying dearly to-day on both shores of the Atlantic. What blood would have been spared to you, what industrial suffering avoided by us, had European opinion declared itself with that force which you had the right to hope for! There is a protest of the universal conscience before which mankind necessarily recoils; moral forces are, after all, the great forces.

The revolted South, which needed our aid, which rallied and perhaps still relies upon us, would not have long dared to affront the indignation of the civilized world.

I.

Why has this indignation been withheld? Why has a sort of favor been granted to the only insurrection which has had neither motive nor pretext—to the only one which has dared to unfurl the banner of slavery? What has been the merit of this insurrection? By what charm has it conciliated the sympathy of more than one enlightened mind? This is a question humiliating to put, but useful to solve.

In the first place Europe doubted whether slavery was the real cause of conflict. Strange doubt, in truth! For many years slavery had been the great, the only subject of strife in the United States. At the time of the election of Mr. Buchanan the only issue was slavery. The electoral platforms prove this fact; the manifestoes of the South were unanimous in this sense; her party leaders, her governors, her deliberative assemblies, her press spoke but of slavery; the Vice-President of the insurgent Confederacy had made haste to declare officially that the mission of the new State was to present to the admiration of mankind a society founded on the "*corner-stone*" of slavery. Lastly, it would seem that to all reflecting minds the acts of Mr. Buchanan and other Presidents named by the South were proof enough of this truth. The South thinks only of slavery. In her eyes all means are right to secure to slavery its triumphs and boundless conquests.

But, it is objected that Mr. Lincoln and his friends were not Abolitionists. That is certain; their programme went no further than to stop the extension of slavery and shut it out from the Territories. Was this nothing? Was it not in fact everything? Who could have foreseen that, on the appearance of such a programme, of a progress so unexpected, of an attack so bold upon the policy which was lowering and ruining the United States, the friends of liberty would not all have hastened to applaud. Was not this the time to cheer and strengthen those who were thus entering on the good path? Was it not due to urge them on in their liberal tendencies, so that, the first step taken, they should take the second and go on to the end? Ought not that which terrified and dismayed the champions of slavery to rejoice the hearts of its adversaries?

Your letter, gentlemen, puts in bold relief the reasons which hindered Mr. Lincoln from adopting at the outset an abolition policy. The President could disregard neither his oath of office nor the Federal Constitution; he had also to keep in mind the opposition which a plan of emancipation would encounter in the loyal States. The head of a great government cannot act with the freedom of a philosopher in his study. In simple truth Mr. Lincoln should be accused neither of timidity nor indifference. Your letter recalls the measures of his Presidency, abolition of slavery in the Capital and in the District of Columbia, the proclaiming of freedom to fugitive slaves, the principle of compensated emancipation submitted to all the loyal States, the death penalty actually inflicted on captains of slavers, the treaty with England admitting the right of search, the establishment of diplomatic relations with the black Republics of Liberia and Hayti, the arming of free negroes, and at last, when the length and gravity of the war sanctioned an extreme exercise of the powers of Commander-in-Chief, the absolute and final suppression of slavery in all the revolted States.

We, gentlemen, are Abolitionists; and we declare that we have never hoped nor wished for a more steady, rapid, and resolute progress. We have understood the difficulties which surround Mr. Lincoln. We have honored his scruples of conscience with regard to the Constitution of his country which stopped his path. We have admired the courageous good sense with which he moved straight on, the instant he could so do without danger to his cause or violation of the law.

Wonder is expressed that slavery is abolished in the revolted States and yet preserved in the loyal States! In other words there is wonder that he who has sworn to obey the Constitution should respect it. Let no one take alarm at this. There is no danger that the "domestic institution" crushed in the Carolinas and Louisiana will long survive in Kentucky or Maryland. Already, as you have stated to us, a solemn proposition has been made to all the loyal States; already one of the most important, Missouri, has set the example of acceptance. To be thus uneasy about the maintenance of slavery in the North argues to our minds quite too much tenderness for the South. We look with suspicion upon this pretended Abolitionism whose unfriendly exactions were first put forth on the very day illumined in America by the dawn of abolition. We frankly say we could never have foreseen that the election of Mr. Lincoln and the several acts which we have just enumerated would be an endless cause of complaint, and distrust and unworthy denunciation from so many men who plume themselves in Europe upon their hatred of slavery.

And since to destroy the North in public opinion it was not enough to accuse it of too much favor for slavery, another grievance has been found. The North oppressed the South! The struggle was of two nationalities! The South had risen for independence!

Its independence! there were then subject provinces in the heart of the Union? Doubtless these provinces had no part in the government of the country, the South had not the same rights as the North? Of course the South was held in this state of inferiority and subjection by numerous Federal garrisons? Not at all. All the States enjoyed the same rights, took like part in elections. If any section was favored it was the South, to which a further suffrage was granted in proportion to the number of its slaves. If any advantage had been enjoyed it was by the South, which had given the majority of Presidents and chief officers. Yet in this free country, a country without an army, and whose material means as well as laws were a sufficient barrier against oppression, in such a country we are told of a province claiming independence!

We are of your opinion, gentlemen, that *independence* and *nationality* are words too noble to be abused. In their abuse, things are compromised, and the more noble and sacred these things, the more careful should we be not to confound them with what is neither noble nor sacred—a revolt in the name of slavery, a fratricidal revolt which would destroy a free Constitution and tear asunder a common country for fear lest there might be interference with the internal slave traffic, the continued breeding in Virginia, the sale and separation of families, and lest perchance some Territories should be shut out from the conquests of slavery.

In vain we seek in the United States for a nationality striving to regain its independence. Not only has independence been nowhere assailed, but there is absolutely no trace of a separate nationality. Nowhere, perhaps, is there a more thorough national homogeniety. North and South the race is the same; faith, language, history, and, we boldly add, interests are all the same. All these States have struggled together, suffered together, triumphed together. Their glories, their defeats, are common. Their Constitution sprung from the free consent of all; all pledged themselves alike to remain faithful to its obligations.

This pledge is no empty word with which caprice may idly sport. Among the inventions of our epoch there is none more extraordinary than the *right of secession*. Those who discovered it will no doubt teach us where it should stop. If each section has a right of secession from the country as a whole, why not each State a right of secession from such section? Why not each County a right of secession from the State? Why not each town a right of secession from the County? Why not each citizen a right of secession from the town?

The truth is that, but for slavery, the South would not talk of its suppressed independence, nor of the right of secession. Slavery has brought the two sections to strife. The extinction of slavery will restore Unity. The North and the South will some day wonder that they could have failed to appreciate the most complete and homogeneous of nationalities.

A last resort remains. That we here may not see the great struggle on the subject of slavery an attempt is made to present the struggle as one for domination.

But this latter struggle is the very life of free countries. It is not surprising that the North and the South each strove actively, energetically, noisily for the triumph of their candidate and policy. But when one of them, losing the battle of the ballot, plunges without hesitation into another kind of battle; when it resists, arms in hand, the result of a regular election; when on the very day that it ceases to rule it tears into fragments the common country, it is guilty of a crime for which it is difficult to imagine an excuse.

II.

You will crush the revolt, gentlemen. You will succeed—such is our belief—in reëstablishing the Union. It will emerge from the bloody trial stronger, more free, more worthy of the noble destiny to which God summons it.

It has been *demonstrated* to us, it is true, that the reëstablishment of the Union was impossible; but was it not also *demonstrated* to us, and by irrefutable argument, that you would be always and of necessity defeated; that you would never know how to handle a musket; that recruiting would become impracticable; that your finances would be exhausted; that your loans would not be taken; that you would become bankrupt; that riots would ravage your cities; that your government would be overthrown. You have given to all these oracles the simplest and best answer. You will reply in the same manner to those who assert that the reëstablishment of the Union is impossible.

What seems really impossible is *not* to restore the Union. Where draw the line between North and South? How maintain between them a state of Peace, or even of truce? How shall Slavery and Liberty live side by side? How, moreover, restrain the South from European protectorates, and by what means arrest the frightful consequences of such protectorates? Geographically, morally, politically, separation would create an unnatural situation, a situation violent and hazardous where each would live, arms in hand, waiting for the hour of conflict.

We have full faith, gentlemen, that such a trial will be spared to you. It is not that we overlook the difficulties which still remain for you to overcome; they are great, greater perhaps than we imagine. War has its vicissitudes, and you may perhaps be yet called upon to pass through periods of ill-fortune. Yet one fact always remains, and shows on which side the final triumph will be found, supposing that there be no foreign intervention. The flag of the Union has now, for two years, never paused in its advance. It floats to-day over the soil of every revolted State without exception. The South has had its victories; it has never gained an inch of ground. The North has had its defeats; it has never fallen back. Master to-day of the entire course of the Mississippi, master of the Border States and of Louisiana, all that remains is to stifle the revolt in the narrow territory where it first burst forth and back to which it has been driven. We believe that you will succeed in this; for Europe, the only hope of the South, seems now little disposed to give her aid.

In short, the rebellion is already reduced to such narrow proportions that should it ever become a distinct Confederation, accepted as such from weariness of war, the Confederacy thus created will not be born with the functions of life. Neither European recognition nor your own could give it a serious chance of duration. It would end in a return to you. But we delight to believe the reëstablishment of the Union less distant. And, in the presence of that prospect which thrills our hearts with joy, permit us, us your friends, to offer you some sincere advice. The dangers of victory, you are aware, are not less than those of the combat. We give you, therefore, our loyal, frank opinion, sure that in the main it will agree with your own, and feeling, also, that these communications between us have an aim more serious than a simple exchange of words of sympathy.

We hold it to be of the first importance that the cause of the war shall not survive the war; that your real foe, slavery, shall not remain upon the field. We have often asked ourselves these last three years, why God permitted the prolongation of this bloody struggle. Was it not that the real issue might present itself with perfect clearness. Conquering earlier, the Federal government would, perhaps, have been led to make concessions, to enter anew upon the fatal path of compromise. To-day all eyes, not willingly blind, see clearly. The New York riot, breaking out at an appointed day to aid the invasion of Lee, and falling instantly upon the negro in a way to show to every witness of its cowardly ferocity what kind of spirit animated certain friends of the South—the New York riot was a supreme warning to your country. Your line of action is clearly traced. So long as anything of slavery remain, there will be a cause of antagonism in the bosom of the Union. There must be no longer any question of slavery. It must be so ordered and settled as never to return. An *amendment to the Constitution* to this end must be proposed and adopted before the return of the States.

The condition of the free blacks must also be secured against the iniquities which they have so long endured. No more plans of colonization abroad, no more disabling laws, no more inequality. Those whom you have armed, who fought so bravely before the walls of Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, can never be other than citizens. Leave the problem of the races to its own solution—the most natural solutions are always the best. Under the rule of the common law, the free blacks of the South and of the North will find their legitimate place in your society, of which they will become useful members, honorable and honored.

In thus ordering in a definitive manner all that relates to slavery and the colored race you will have done more than is generally imagined for the lasting pacification of the South. What remains for you to do on this point may be stated in three words—*Moderation, Generosity, Liberty.*

There can be no question, as you have often said, of an occupation of the South, of a conquest of the South, of reducing the Southern States to the condition of provinces where the conqueror will maintain his garrisons and the public life will be suspended. Save in the districts yet ravaged by guerillas and in the heart of which the Federal troops must finish their work, victory will everywhere bring with the reëstablishment of the Union the reëstablishment as promptly as possible of constitutional rights. You hope, gentlemen, that those whom you conquer to-day will to-morrow meet you in debate, and you will accept in all their truth the struggle of the press, of the legislative hall, and of the ballot which will replace the strife of the battle-field.

We all feel it is much better that you should have to encounter difficulties fruitful of liberty, than that you should seek for yourselves the deceitful advantages of a dictatorial régime. To apply to the South an exceptional rule would be, alas, quite easy. It would be easy also to pronounce the death penalty, to outlaw, to execute confiscation bills; but in treading this path of vulgar tyranny you would sacrifice two things—your high renown in the present, a lasting union with the South in the future.

But if, on the other hand, you show the world the novel spectacle of victory without reprisals, of liberty strong enough to survive civil war; if your Constitution remain, and slavery alone fall in such a conflict; if on the morrow of the struggle, the law remain supreme, if elections for the Senate and House of Representatives be again open as in the old time, if the representatives of the Southern States reappear at Washington, if taking the oath to be faithful to the Union and to support the modified Constitution they find themselves on a footing of perfect equality with the representatives of the North, if it be permitted to them to attack and to embarrass the government, you will have won the most glorious of victories, and assured to your country the best chance of prosperity and greatness.

Accept, gentlemen, in the advice which we tender to you a proof of our esteem. It is not of every government, it is not of every people that such things can be asked. Protracted civil wars tend to arbitrary customs, stir up passions and hates, and at last engender a developement of military power and irresponsible authority which generally hinders a return to control, to free opinion and to the strict letter of the law. We honor the United States enough to believe that they will be capable of setting us this too, after so many other examples.

The moderation which we hope for from you at home, we look for also from you abroad. Assuredly on the morrow of the submission of the South there will not be wanting a class of persons eager to recall to you wrongs, real or fancied, suffered at the hands of this or that power. They will point to your armies and disposable fleets. They will prove to you that a foreign war is perhaps the surest way to draw together the two sections so lately hostile. They will tell you that a common enmity, common dangers, are the cement needed to strengthen your shattered edifice.

You will not believe them, gentlemen. You will feel that after these jars, it is needful before all else to restore to America peace and liberty. You will not seek new adventures, and thus lengthen the temptation of dictatorships, the peril of exceptional rule.

You will fear a return to the aggressive policy which with its invasions and turbulence the influence of the South forced upon you, the day, when, to assure the extension of slavery, it awakened in your hearts a wicked covetousness and pushed you almost to the violation of the law of nations. Your glory will be to take the opposite of those violent declarations, of those filibustering expeditions, of those unscrupulous ambition.

The temptations which a great army excites are of the class most difficult to repress. May you not hesitate to reduce your forces after peace! Not only your material prosperity but your very liberty is involved in disarming, in a reduction of your expenses, and a return to the old idea of small armies and small budgets.

But we do not deceive ourselves. Your small armies, do what you may, will be large compared with those of three years ago. Your military education is completed; you have replied but too well to those who smiled at the recital of your battles of 1861. You have learned but too quickly to face death and to kill, and what you have learned you will not unlearn. You will not return to your former situation.

But while we do not expect again to see your effective force at ten thousand men, we do hope that effective forces which are now numbered by hundreds of thousands will not long be witnessed on American soil.

III.

Courage! You have before you one of the most noble works, the most sublime which can be accomplished here below—a work in the success of which we are as interested as yourselves—a work the success of which will be the honor and the consolation of our time.

This generation will have seen nothing more grand than the abolition of slavery in (destroying it with you, you destroy it everywhere), and the energetic uprising of a people which in the midst of its growing prosperity was visibly sinking under the weight of the tyranny of the South, the complicity of the North, odious laws and compromises.

Now, at the cost of immense sacrifices, you have stood up against the evil; you have chosen rather to pour out your blood and your dollars than to descend further the slope of degradation, where rich, united, powerful, you were sure to lose that which is far nobler than wealth, or union, or power.

Well! Europe begins to understand, willingly or unwillingly, what you have done. In France, in England, everywhere your cause gains ground, and be it said for the honor of the nineteenth century, the obstacle which our ill-will and our evil passions could not overcome, the obstacle which the intrigues of the South could not surmount, is an idea, a principle. Hatred of slavery has been your champion in the Old World. A poor champion seemingly. Laughed at, scorned, it seems weak and lonely. But what matters it, ere the account be closed principles will stand for something, and conscience, in all human affairs, will have the last word.

This, gentlemen, is what we would say to you in the name of all who with us, and better than ourselves, defend your cause in Europe. Your words have cheered us; may ours in turn cheer you! You have yet to cross many a dark valley. More than once the impossibility of success will be demonstrated to you; more than once, in the face of some military check or political difficulty, the cry will be raised that all is lost. What matters it to you? Strengthen your cause daily by daily making it more just, and fear not: there is a God above.

We love to contemplate in hope the noble future which seems to stretch itself before you. The day you emerge at last from the anguish of civil war, and you will surely come out freed from the odious institution which corrupted your public manners, and degraded your domestic as well as your foreign policy, that day your whole country, South as well as North, and the South perhaps more fully than the North, will enter upon a wholly new prosperity. European emigration will hasten toward your ports, and will learn the road to those whom until now it has feared to approach. Cultivation, now abandoned, will renew its yield. Liberty—for these are her miracles—will revivify by her touch the soil which slavery has rendered barren.

Then there will be born unto you a greatness nobler and more stable than the old, for in this greatness there will be no sacrifice of Justice.

AGENOR DE GASPARIN,
AUGUSTIN COCHIN,
EDOUARD LABOULAYE, Member of the Institute of France,
HENRI MARTIN.

Paris, October 31, 1863.

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

AT length Gen. McClellan is first in the field. More unfortunate in his friends than in his enemies, he has been formally nominated for the Presidency by a knot of gentlemen in Philadelphia, of whom—to make an intelligible bull—the only one who is publicly known has been long ago forgotten. For the Hon. Amos Kendall is only remembered with scornful pity as the Postmaster-General of the United States, who tampered with the mails at the bidding of the master of the men who are now rebels. That he should preside at a meeting to nominate or to ratify the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency who, since his letter to Judge Woodward, must be considered a Copperhead of the clearest type, shows that he is of the same mind still, and that his age worships the dreary old idol of his youth.

Alas! when we think of two years ago, when, amidst universal acclamation, Gen. McClellan was called to the head of our armies, with the hope and faith of a nation lavished upon him in advance, with thousands and thousands of our best and bravest soldiers committed joyfully to his charge, with the President, his only superior officer, resolved to give him every chance, with the national determination that he was a great soldier because a great soldier was a national necessity—when we think of all that fond and persistent blindness in which we shared, and of all that has followed since down to the letter urging the election of Judge Woodward—it is hard not to hang the head with sorrow for the soldier and shame for the nation. But when from that letter we descend, although logically, to this nomination, the tragedy becomes farce, and it is impossible not to explode with laughter.

For granting that he is a very great man, is this the body of politicians who have ever shown any true perception of the public sentiment? Did this knot of gentlemen, by whatever name they choose to call themselves, ever do more than make themselves politically ridiculous? When they nominated Mr. Fillmore in 1856, and Mr. Bell in 1860, they intended to help the slaveholders as they do now. They were in the political market, but they never pretended, as now, to lay hands upon the prize beef and spoil it by handling. They offered their flabby little veal chops, and knew that the great beef dealers would buy them up. But this time they put their label upon the prime sirloin, upon the baron itself. Do they seriously expect the Copperhead Convention to take a candidate from them?

Gen. McClellan will perhaps thank Mr. Amos Kendall and his friends for this expression of their goodwill, but will await a more emphatic indication of the public desire. Or he may delay, and give time for that outburst of popular enthusiasm which we have been constantly assured was to follow the presentation of his name to the country. Or, again, he may accept the nomination upon the platform of his Woodward letter. Or he may let the whole matter go by default. But it is useless to consider what he may do with this nomination, when we remember, as every man will, that all the friends of Vallandigham, all the apologists of the rebellion, all the Copperheads in the country will ratify it. And can any man, or any course, which the Copperheads approve save the honor of the nation, the integrity of the Union, and republican government? You may be a loyal citizen, and may think that justice has not been done to Gen. McClellan; but you cannot evade that searching question, and you can give it but one answer.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE SACREDNESS OF NATIONALITY.

[Extract of a Speech, delivered in Montreal, Dec. 18, 1863, by GERRIT SMITH.]

THE way is opened for me to state the only ground on which I claim the world's sympathy with my country in her resistance to this rebellion. This only ground is THE SACREDNESS OF NATIONALITY. An eminent British statesman has, within the last year, declared that "the South is fighting for independence and the North for empire." The North was offended at the declaration. But it should not have been. Your statesman is right. For one I readily accepted his statement. The South *is* fighting for independence—an independence, however, which she has no right to. The North *is* fighting for empire; and it is not only a lawful empire, but one which she is under the highest obligations to fight for. In a twofold sense is it *empire* for which she fights—since she is intent both on the restoration of all the national boundaries and on the restoration of the government commensurate with all those boundaries. I repeat it, the only ground on which I claim the world's sympathy with my suffering country is the sacredness of nationality. The family relation is sacred, and must not be violated. A family may of its own accord break up and scatter. But this must not be forced upon it. Nationality is also inviolable. Nations may agree with each other to change their boundaries. But the change must not be forced upon them. All families must leave each family to live; and all nations must leave each nation to live. The family and the nation—or, as I might say, the literal and the national family—are the two institutions of earth whose permanence all families in the one case and all nations in the other should foster and rejoice in. These institutions are too precious to be violated or neglected. Far too large a share of human happiness and human hopes is indissolubly connected with them to allow such violation or neglect. For ninety years the Poles have been without a nation. What arithmetic can compute their sufferings during these ninety years! As I was gazing, the other day, upon the picture of the beautiful and sublime face of an eminent Polish exile, I fancied that the sorrows of a whole nation were expressed in that one face of utter sadness. How murderous was the cruelty, which robbed the Poles of nationality! How far worse than every other form of orphanage was that to which it reduced them! And they still suffer as in the freshness of their suffering. Italy too still bleeds under her dismemberment. And would you, or any of you, in order to gratify a handful of slaveholders, who are compelling their poor ignorant and know-not-what-they-do neighbors to fight for slavery—and would you, I say, for this miserable and guilty purpose, have the hearts of my countrymen also wrung with the agonies of a broken-up nation—of a nation, whose physical features show that her North and her South, whatever you may say of her East and West, can never be parted from each other but by a war upon nature as well as upon nationality? Oh when will nations cease from the meanness and wickedness of wronging each other! How mean and wicked to fall upon the peace and rights of a family! Immeasurably more so to fall upon the peace and rights of a nation. Nations must cease to be jealous of each other. They must stand by each other, and never sympathize with an assault upon nationality, unless it be in that rare case where the assault is for the redress of wrongs so flagrant and unendurable, that nothing can be sacred enough to stand in the way of their redress. And then every nation should remember, that it behooves her, for her own safety, to be true to other nations. If England shall, in this hour of my country's calamity, go to the side of my country's enemies, is there not great danger that she will thereby provoke my country to go to the side of England's enemies when England shall in her turn be overtaken by the like calamity?

If I know myself I would deeply sympathize with England, should a part of her Counties take up arms to dismember her. I would call it right for England in that case to fight for "empire"; and indeed I know no nation that would in such case fight more earnestly for it. Wouldn't you call it right? Nay, wouldn't even the eminent statesman, who *reproached* my country with fighting for "empire," call it right for England, if in the circumstances of my country, to fight for "empire"? But if England would be entitled to sympathy in her endeavors to reduce to loyalty her revolting Counties, why is not my country entitled to it in her struggle with revolting States? It is true that the States, which make up my nation, are more important political divisions than the Counties of England—for they are larger, have more administrative power, and have legislative power also. Nevertheless an American State no more than an English County is a nation; and has no more right than an English Country to set up for itself.

Britian, France, America and all the nations of the earth should be faithful to each other, and should spare their sympathies for objects worthier than piracies and slaveholding ambition and slaveholding greed. The rebellion in my country is nothing more nor less than slavery in arms. The monster had for many years tried to accomplish his infernal objects through the ballot-box and through all sorts of intrigue and corruption. Failing of entire success by these means, he took up arms. But, thank God, the rebellion is fast going down. Slavery, being identical with it, of course goes down with it. The ending of the rebellion will necessarily be the ending of slavery. Not one shred of slavery will survive the utter extinction of the rebellion. And let none fear that it will be any where reëstablished. The people, who have once thrown off slavery, will never recall it. They will have no desire to exchange the blessings of liberty for the curse of slavery. Your West India planters continued, after the decree of emancipation, to ask for more money and more favors; but none of them wanted the restoration of slavery. They had all had enough of that.

Yes, its self-inflicted wound is mortal, and American slavery must soon die. When it is dead, then, as I trust, will my countrymen, North and South, East and West, having through this war worked out in tears and blood the heavy and Heaven appointed penalty of their crimes against the black man, penitently and unitedly engage in redressing his matchless wrongs, healing the deep gashes in his spirit, and opening the way wide and generous for his bodily, mental and moral improvement. If this shall come to pass, then will a nation grow up in my land grander and more beautiful than any other nation. This will not be because we are better than other people—for we are not. It will be because nature has dealt more bountifully with us than with any other land. And then will my nation, because it shall have become just to its own people of all classes, conditions and complexions, be relied on, the earth over, to be just to all nations. For, with the change of but one word, we can say to a nation with all the confidence and emphasis with which your greatest of all poets said to an individual:

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the day the night,
Thou canst not then be false to any *nation*."

GEN. BUTLER AND JEFF. DAVIS.

DAVIS would be more than mortal if he did not cherish an inextinguishable hatred of Gen. Butler. Having tried to make him a dupe he finds him instead one of his most energetic and irrepressible enemies. In December, 1860, when the secessionists first menaced the nation with war, Gen. Butler was in Washington and dined at the table of Jefferson Davis, in company with several of the prominent leaders of the projected revolt. They offered him openly a share in their desperate enterprise, holding out the most tempting inducements of place and position and appealing to the sensibility of a long party fellowship. They did not for a moment doubt that he would go with them; and, taking it for granted, they kept nothing from him in the frankness of their communications.

But they had mistaken their man. Gen. Butler went—as soon as he could leave the company—to the authorities (unfortunately Buchanan was yet President) and warned them to prepare for the coming storm; and then hurrying to Massachusetts, he roused her people to the necessity of getting ready to meet with force of arms the assault upon the government he knew to be inevitable. It is for this reason Jeff. Davis and his crew regard Gen. Butler with the bitterest animosity. He not only refused to become a traitor like themselves, to dishonor himself in his own consciousness, as they had done, and to link his name with their own in infamy; but, sacrificing all party partialities, he has done what he could to defeat their flagitious purposes. His administration in New Orleans, which so energetically dispersed the remnants of rebel feeling there, revived the Union sentiment, and perpetuated its control of the largest city of the South, is not a thing to be readily forgiven by the rebel leaders.

Besides, Gen. Butler once said that if he had the authority he would hang every mother's son who had been instrumental in raising this rebellion, and Davis naturally dislikes that kind of talk. He much prefers the sort of Democrat who pines for a restoration of the old state of things, when the masters of the plantations may again crack their whips in the Senate Chamber, and ventilate their arrogance along the sidewalks of Pennsylvania avenue. Even Republicans who talk of them as mere prodigal sons, who will be welcomed back from their husks with fatted calfs, are far more agreeable objects to contemplate than this uncompromising old hunker of Massachusetts, whose eyes kindle into a sharp flame, and whose teeth grit with righteous wrath, when he thinks of the miscreants who have tried to plunge their swords into the heart of our common mother. He is not at all a man for them to deal with, whether in exchanging prisoners or other jobs; and we cannot but suspect that Davis has a lurking suspicion that if he were allowed to get any nearer Richmond than he is, he might find "the authority" for executing the benevolent intention which he once expressed. It is safer to continue to regard him as an outlaw.—*Eve. Post.*

"THE GLOOMIEST YEAR."

From The Richmond Examiner, Dec. 31.

TO-DAY closes the gloomiest year of our struggle. No sanguine hope of intervention buoys up the spirits of the confederate public as at the end of 1861. No brilliant victory like that of Fredericksburg encourages us to look forward to a speedy and successful termination of the war as in the last week of 1862. Meade has been foiled, and Longstreet has had a partial success in Tennessee; but Meade's advance was hardly meant in earnest, and Beane's Station is a poor set off to the loss of the gallant men who fell in the murderous assault on Knoxville. Another daring Yankee raid has been carried out with comparative impunity to the invaders, and timorous capitalists may well pause before they nibble at eligible investments in real estate situated far in the interior. That interior has been fearfully narrowed by the Federal march through Tennessee; and owing to the deficiencies of our cavalry service Lincoln's squadrons of horse threaten to be as universal a terror, as persuasive a nuisance, as his squadrons of gunboats were some months since. The Confederacy has been cut in twain along the line of the Mississippi, and our enemies are steadily pushing forward their plans for bisecting the eastern moiety. No wonder, then, that the annual advent of the reign of mud is hailed by all classes with a sense of relief. Meanwhile the financial chaos is becoming wilder and wilder. Hoarders keep a more resolute grasp than ever on necessaries of life. Whatever number of men, and whatever amount of money shall be really wanting, will be forthcoming. Whatever economy the straightening of our resources may require, we shall learn to exercise. We can only wish that the government would do somthing towards the establishment of a Statistical Bureau, or some other agency, by which we could approximately ascertain what we have to contribute, and to what extent we must husband our resources. Wise, cool, decided, prompt action, would put us in good condition for the Spring campaign of 1864, and the close of next year would furnish a more agreeable retrospect than the *annus mirabilis* of blunders which we now consign to the dead past. Non-producers who are at the same time non-speculators, are suffering more and more. What was once competence has become poverty, poverty has become penury, and penury is lapsing into pauperism. Any mechanical occupation is more profitable than the most intellectual profession. The most accomplished scholars in the confederacy would be glad to barter their services for food and raiment, and in the complete upturning of our social relations, the only happy people are those who have black hearts or black skins.

Unreasoning confidence has been succeeded by depression as unreasoning, and the Yankees are congratulating themselves on the result, which they hawk about as the "beginning of the end." We all have a heavy score to pay off, and we know it. This may depress us, but our enemies need not be jubilant over our depression, for we are determined to meet them.

THE SOUTHERN "RIFF-RAFF."

[A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Arkansas, after giving an account of some of the dreadful atrocities committed in that State since the breaking out of the rebellion, goes on to say:]

To an inquiry of mine as to the social status of those by whom these murders are committed, he replied that so far as his knowledge extended, the mobs were composed of the riff-raff of the State—of men who never owned nor expected to own a slave, but who were more bigoted on the subject of slavery than the slaveholders themselves. I asked him how he accounted for this, and he said: "You of course are aware that in all countries there are men who never see a happy moment except when they are fawning upon and toadying to their superiors in social position. They have no ambition to do anything for themselves, and their desire to be useful to their patrons is so strong that they will eat every particle of dirt that is set before them. Such a class, in greater or smaller numbers, is indigenous to every country. In the Southern States, the men composing it are more numerous than in any other equal extent of territory that I know of. They are of no earthly account to themselves or family; they have no more idea of ever being able to own even the tenth part of a negro than they have of learning to read and write; their only ambition seems to be to cultivate little patches of ground belonging to slaveholders, and to receive with a due degree of thankfulness every sign of recognition a slave-owner may bestow upon them. If he says to one of them, 'John, you deserve a jug of whiskey for catching my nigger yesterday'; the poor devil is pleased beyond measure; and if at another time 'John' gets a blowing up for *not* catching a runaway slave, he is prouder than he would be if he were not spoken to at all. His constitution seems to require *some* kind of notice from his patron, the slaveholder; it's all right when he feels a pat on the shoulder, and equally right when he gets a kick lower down. Well, men of this class will do whatever they suppose is agreeable to their masters. Once or twice a week they patrol the neighborhood at night, in search of negroes who are away from their quarters without passes, and in the morning they call upon the slaveholder—who has had a night of undisturbed sleep—and report to him that during their rounds they discovered some of his slaves committing burglary upon his smoke-house, and some of them making their way to the woods with felonious intent to capture raccoons or oppossums. Then the slaveholder says, 'I am pleased to see that you take such an interest in the preservation of the peace of the neighborhood—go to the overseer and tell him that I sent you for some whiskey; and recollect to be ready when your turn comes to go on the next parole!'" "Well," continued the narrator, "every mob that I have heard of in this State was composed of this kind of material; some slaveholders may possibly have stood in the background, but the dirty work and murders were done by fellows who hadn't character enough to fairly justify a decent man in hiring them to carry manure from a hole in the ground in a sweet potato patch."

THE FREE-STATE MEN OF LOUISIANA.

From The Evening Post.

The Times refers, in a tone of alarm, to the intelligence of a Convention of the Free-State party held at New Orleans, to which a colored delegation was admitted. It supposes that the Convention was made up of chance-comers from the North and "social missionaries," and fears that its proceedings may injure the cause they were intended to serve.

It is well to bear in mind the fact that the workingmen of New Orleans, who are quite numerous, have all along been Union men. At present they are Free-State men. A Convention of Free-State men must include this class, who, our readers will remember, gave in their adhesion to the Federal government the moment Gen. Butler appeared in New Orleans, and soon after flocked in crowds, with every demonstration of enthusiasm, to the Union meetings held in that city. To suppose that a Free-State Convention could be held in New Orleans from which this class of men—who are known to be in favor of making Louisiana a free State—are excluded, is to suppose what is altogether improbable.

The Chairman of the Convention was Mr. Durant; no stranger to the city, but a thorough Louisianian, and one of the most eminent advocates of New Orleans, who has identified himself with the popular Free-State movement. His acceptance of the Presidency of the Convention would hardly justify the inference that it was made up of Yankees who had just set foot in the city. The real state of the case is this. There has arisen in Louisiana the same political division of the population which we have seen in Missouri. There is a Free-State party and there is a Conservative party. The workingmen of New Orleans belong to the former and are for immediate emancipation. The other party, in which are included the planters, with some exceptions, as we know, while they claim to be for the Union, and perceive that they cannot altogether resist the force of the national feeling which is setting so strongly against slavery, yet seek to preserve as much of it as they can and as long as they can. Undoubtedly the strength of the Free-State party is considerably augmented by the migration of Northern men, whom the occasions of the war have brought to New Orleans, many of them to become permanent residents; but to suppose that the majority of the party in Louisiana is made up of strangers just arrived is pushing the license of conjecture to an absurd extreme.

As to the harm which will occur from allowing a colored delegation to take seats in the Free-State Convention, that is a matter which we may safely leave to the discretion of those who admitted them. If there be any State in which, more than in any other, such a mark of respect be due to the colored population, it is Louisiana, where among the colored people are counted many persons of cultivated minds and refined manners. If Mr. Durant and his associates do not disdain to sit at a public meeting on the next seat to these men, it does not seem to us that we, here at New York, need be under any great apprehensions that either the cause of the Union or that of emancipation will suffer. The Free-State party of Louisiana are the best judges of what will promote the cause in which they are engaged, and we cheerfully leave the question of membership to their own decision. Their admission of the colored delegates certainly implies great confidence in their own strength as well as great determination.

THE EMANCIPATION CELEBRATION.

From The Portland Transcript.

THE celebration of the first anniversary of emancipation, which took place in Portland on the first instant, is an event distinctly marking the rapid change of public opinion on the subject of slavery now going on throughout the length and breadth of the land. The man who, five years ago, should have predicted such a celebration for such a cause would have been deemed little better than a lunatic. Yet such has been the revolution of feeling and opinion wrought by the mad outbreak of the slaveholders that to-day men who then belonged to all the different parties in the land unite in public rejoicings over an event which only a few years ago the great majority of them would have severely condemned.

To a portion of the men who took part in this celebration—men whose fittest representative was the venerable and beloved Samuel Fessenden, whose appearance on the platform was loudly cheered—this event was one of peculiar interest as marking the triumph of principles for which they had long contended amid obloquy and scorn. But the occasion was one which rose above all personal feelings of gratification, the united sentiment of the people flowing forth in expressions of joy and gratitude that they were permitted to witness not the triumph of a party or a sect, but the beginning of a great epoch in our nation's life, an era in the onward progress of humanity.

The day was unpropitious, yet neither wind nor rain could keep the people from participating in this momentous jubilee. Long before the appointed hour, the great hall, which had been handsomely decorated for the occasion, was filled to its utmost capacity, while the bells pealed forth their loud acclaim, and the cannon thundered in unison. The address of Judge Davis, on taking the chair, was very happily conceived, setting forth, with apt illustration, the importance which future generations will give to this great event. As Rev. Dr. Bosworth read the President's proclamation, it was interesting to see how it seemed to strike the audience as something new and heard for the first time. Men who scarce gave it a second thought at its first appearance now listened to its words with eager interest, expressed in loud applause.

The oration by Rev. Mr. Stebbins was exactly fitted for the occasion. It neither sank below nor rose above the demands of the hour, but struck the right chord of feeling and expression. In our opinion it was one of the orator's happiest efforts. He indulged in no exultant triumphings nor enthusiastic prophecies, but after a lofty recognition of the greatness and importance of the events celebrated, he pro

ence of a letter," was the reply; "formerly I worked for Massa Lash—now I work for Massa Cash."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston at the TREMONT TEMPLE, on Thursday, Jan. 28th, (day and evening), commencing at 10 o'clock a. m.

Let the members and friends of the Society assemble at the approaching annual meeting in even unusual numbers, and, bating no jot of heart or hope, address themselves to the COMPLETION of the work to which they have been so long consecrated. Come one, come all. Let not Massachusetts alone, but all parts of the land be represented.

As hitherto, an additional attraction will be presented in the holding of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL, at the MUSIC HALL, on the evening (Wednesday) January 27th) preceding the opening session of the Society.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., and others are expected to speak at the Thursday morning's meeting.

By order of the Board of Managers.

EDMUND QUINCY, *President.*

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, *Recording Secretary.*

CONSISTENCY.

THE Abolitionists have never been careful as to their character for Consistency. That is to say, in the sense of constantly adhering to any particular scheme of doctrine or course of conduct which they had adopted at any particular point of their history. The only Consistency which they have striven to maintain, is, a consistent hatred of slavery and an incessant series of attacks upon it from every honest vantage ground they could obtain. From the very necessities of the conflict in which they have been engaged during their Thirty Years War, they have been forced to change their ground and their tactics according to the shifting demands of each successive campaign. Having no possible selfish ends to attain, further than their share of the general joy and prosperity which the Abolition of Slavery must spread over the land, they have been free from the influence of the mists, the *miroges*, the *ignes fatui*, which delude and lead astray those who look at their interests, political or material, first, and at their moral obligations afterward, and try to make them agree together, whether or no. Not even the worst of our enemies have ever attempted to bring home this charge to us. We have been accused of fanaticism, of enthusiasm, of reckless disregard for the rights and feelings of others, but nobody ever alleged that we proposed to make anything out of these extravagances for ourselves or our friends. We need not recapitulate all our adventures by flood and field, our successive and successful assaults on the concentric entrenchments of the enemy—prescriptive prejudice, worldly indifference, ecclesiastical craft, political subtlety, the malignant spirit of tyranny issuing forth from the fastnesses of slavery, but pervading and poisoning the remotest corners of the land. Suffice it to say, that, our enemies being our witnesses, we have brought the question to a final arbitrament, by the use of the strategy (if we may be pardoned a word which was a good one until, as Bardolph says, "it was ill-sorted") of simple honesty, the most direct plain speaking, and the most open and honorable measures of warfare.

In the course of our progress to this advanced point towards success, we have put our trust in the sufficiency of truth, and the sound principles of eternal justice for bringing about the victory of our side, though we could not discover the way in which it would be brought about. We have never concealed our belief that the Constitution was intended to give a certain qualified protection to slavery, which had been by legal logic or chicane interpreted to be virtually the only interest it was meant to protect. We never endeavored to argue or to rail what seemed to us the seal of the bond off from it. We accepted it as it stood, and, as we could not honestly swear to do what it required, since we could not do the same, we were not only excluded from taking office ourselves, but from appointing others by our votes to take them. Our only possible weapons were protest, denunciation, entreaty, argument, agitation in every shape that should keep the general mind awake to the guilt and the danger of the nation. The crisis has come at last, much sooner than we had dared to hope, and not in the form in which we had thought it most likely it would present itself. We had believed that it was only the sword that would cut us loose from the burden of our National sin. But we had supposed it would be the sword of foreign nations roused to resentment by some act of slaveholding insolence that would bring freedom to the slaves. It seemed not impossible, even, that the North might at length grow up to the spirit of resisting unto blood some aggravated invasions of their rights by the South. We had never dreamed that the slaveholders, with the government of the country within their grasp, and the power of doing their will for long years to come, if not forever, would throw away the sceptre, turn their faithful Janizaries into bitter enemies, and put their cherished institution at the risk of a civil war. We did not understand the heighth and the depth of the contempt with which they repaid the heighth and depth of our abasement before them. The pride that goeth before a fall betrayed them, we trust, to the destruction of their own greatest enemy, and to the deliverance of their region from barbarism and tyranny, and its restoration to civilization and free government.

The question now arose, what change has this change in affairs made in the attitude of the Abolitionists towards the Constitution and the government? Were they still to continue their condemnation of the one and their separation from the other? In the beginning, we saw it clearly to be our duty to refuse to do anything to embarrass the government, and to wait patiently and see what its course was going to be. We believed from the first that the irresistible force of events would compel the government to take an anti-slavery attitude, with a good grace or a bad one. We have, in the main, ever since we stood by the President, though with free criticisms as to what seemed to us his shortcomings or his mistakes. His ministers and generals we have judged by their actions, and we have generally found that the public in the end came round to our opinions respecting them. As the war went on, the fact that it was essentially a war between slavery and freedom became more and more patent. The proclamation of Emancipation, which we do the President no injustice in saying would not have been issued if it had not been extorted by public exigency, the Proclamation which at first encountered an extensive opposition, and a still more extensive incredulity as to its effects, is now accepted by the mass of the nation as the solution of the bloody problem now in course of demonstration. The arming of the negroes, which we were the first to urge on the nation, and which was treated with contempt and derision, is at present one of the most popular measures of the Administration, and will be the most efficient one for the ending of the rebellion. We are fast passing, indeed we have already passed, into a position in advance of any that we formerly held, and which, rightly used, will command the situation. The civil war has, in effect, superseded the Constitution for the time being. "*Inter arma, leges silent,*" law is suspended, when the sword is at the throat of the nation. Self-preservation is the first law of nations as well as of individuals, and when national existence is at stake, parchments and precedents go to the wall. The President has rightfully assumed dictatorial powers, as Commander-in-Chief, and has abolished slavery as a necessary incident to victory. Whether it be an incident of War Powers or of Peace Powers, it is one essential to the existence of the nation, in his opinion, and therefore a lawful action. The country has almost unanimously, with the exception of Copperhead rebels, come to the same conclusion. It means to live, even if life be purchased by the death of slavery.

What the national exigencies demand of, and justify in, the President they require also of the Congress. A time-serving print in Massachusetts, professing and calling itself Republican, scouts at the proposition of the American Anti-Slavery Society to petition Congress for the abolition of slavery in the so-called loyal States. A year before the proclamation of January, it would, doubtless, have done the same by the propositions contained therein. We presume it sustains the President now, as it will sustain the action of Congress which we ask for a year hence. If war powers are vested in the President, they reside also in Congress. The declaration of war and the making of peace, and the providing of the ways and means, are as essentially elements of military power as the Commanding in Chief of the Army and Navy. If Congress may order the draft of men and the impressment of property in the public service, can they not do the same by slaves, whether regarded as men or as property? This, probably, would not be denied in the specific cases which actually occur. But on higher and more statesmanlike grounds has not Congress power over property which stands directly in the way of success, to remove it out of the way? Slavery in the Border States is a national nuisance, nursing and keeping alive treason and rebellion wherever it exists. This is not a war between Northern States and Southern States, but between Northern institutions and the one Southern institution of slavery. Slavery is one and indivisible. At this moment it is everywhere treason. Where there is a slaveholder, there, with here and there an exception, is an open or a concealed rebel. To abolish slavery in the Border States, with whatever alleviation of compensation can be provided, would be the deadliest blow to the rebellion. To leave it unabolished would be to leave a root of bitterness which would be sure to grow up into an evil tree. To plead the Constitution in ban of such wholesome legislation would be to smother the life out of the nation with the parchment of its title-deeds. We hold that Congress has as much right to abolish slavery in the Border States, as a necessary incident to its abolition in Rebeldom, as the President had to abolish it in that traitorous region. As he had, indeed, had he thought best to use it, to abolish slavery everywhere under the War Powers. The life is more than the meat and the body than the raiment, and so is the life of the nation more than the Constitution which exists for its preservation and not for its destruction. As Congress may exercise this power, of course we feel free to ask it to do so, and that suddenly. And in so doing, we hold that we abate no jot of that scrupulous regard for the obligations of oaths which we have ever professed, and governed ourselves accordingly. Though not jealous as to our reputation for Consistency, we do not think that we risk it here.

THE FALSE CRY THAT SLAVERY IS ALREADY DEAD.

WE fear that not a few earnest friends of freedom are in danger of being lulled into fatal security by the siren song, heard on every side, that slavery is already dead! It is indeed writhing in agony, but it is not dead—far from it. There is still need of the utmost vigilance to guard against the possibility of a compromise that may leave the disease to prey for a generation, or perhaps for generations, upon the heart of the Nation. The enfeebled condition of slavery and the growing spirit of freedom at the North, instead of lulling us to sleep, as if our work were all done, should encourage us to strike harder blows at the monster than ever, and thus ensure his death.

The following extract from the Washington "Editorial Correspondence" of the Chester Co., Pa., *Republican* is so pertinent to the hour that we give it a prominent place in our columns, and entreat our readers to lay to heart the counsel it contains:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 8, 1864.

One of the most earnest-minded Unionists I have met here or elsewhere (a native of Kentucky, but for many years a resident of Iowa) called at my lodgings just before the Christmas holidays, and said he came to me as an editor to mention a matter which he thought every loyal newspaper in the land should notice as a rock on which our tempest-tossed ship of state was more in danger of being wrecked than almost any other. It was the widely disseminated and entertained opinion, *that let the war stop when it would, the institution of slavery was dead.* He thought that no more false or mischievous idea was abroad, and his fear was that the loyal men of the country, through newspapers and otherwise, were impregnating the public mind with this erroneous opinion. This gentleman is thoroughly acquainted with the entire mental *status* of slaveholders as a body, and says there is no class at the present time more busily engaged in circulating the notion that slavery is irrecoverably dead, than these men. They know that a patched-up peace would enable them to heal the wounded snake, giving it power to again fasten its deadly fangs on the nation's heart, causing our children to be the inheritors of a curse which would bring the stream of strife, desolation and fraternal blood-shedding to their thresholds, as it has brought all these deplorable evils to ours. This man pleads with the voice and heart of a patriot, that the people should not be deceived into the belief that slavery is dead. He avers that it is not dead—that it has still within it abundant vitality to recover from its wounds, and be as tyrannical and insolent in the future as it has been in the past. I take the word and the advice of one intimately acquainted with this brutalizing institution, and in this correspondence call upon our friends, the true and the loyal, to continue to strike hard and telling blows at the writhing reptile, until the tail gives out the last muscular twitch with the going down of the sun of the rebellion. For Heaven's sake, let us not be affrighted from a high and patriotic purpose by the howl of traitorous demagogues. The blood and treasure necessary to purchase anew the liberties of our country have been well nigh spent, and if we falter now, in the very hour of triumph, there is no plummet will ever fathom the depths of our national degradation. Let us all say, no peace, no compromise, no conservative diplomacy short of the well ascertained death of slavery. In this result is involved the happiness and the prosperity of our country. When men venture to assert that slavery and freedom *have* lived peaceably together in this nation, they assert what is not true. From the beginning there has been a constant conflict between the two antagonistic principles, until at last it breaks out into a war of more frightful proportions than any other that has ever convulsed the world. Garrison's *Liberator* and the Charleston *Mercury* were not the causes of the war; it was the eternal animosity in the hearts of freemen against a human being wearing the chains of slavery, and the intent in the bosom of the tyrant that those chains should be worn, that brought about the clash and the conflict of war; and these antagonisms will bring it on again if we fail to cut out the cancer and cauterize the wound.

FAREWELL TO GEORGE THOMPSON IN GLASGOW.

A TEA MEETING, in connection with the Union and Emancipation Society, was held in Glasgow, Dec. 17, to bid farewell to George Thompson, Esq., prior to his departure for the United States. James Smith, Sen., Esq., occupied the chair, and many eminent citizens of Glasgow were present, while others, unable to attend, sent letters expressing their sympathy with the object of the meeting. Mr. Thompson made an admirable address, contrasting the present state of the anti-slavery cause with its condition thirty years ago, sketching the action of Mr. Lincoln's administration, and replying very forcibly to the arguments of Mr. Spence and other champions of the South in Great Britain. The following resolution, moved by Mr. Burt and seconded by Councillor Thomson, was carried by acclamation:

"That this meeting rejoices in the opportunity of again welcoming to Glasgow their long-tried and faithful friend and coadjutor in the cause of universal emancipation, Mr. George Thompson. Glasgow has long enjoyed the privilege of hearing Mr. Thompson's eloquent and stirring appeals on behalf of the slave, not only while held in bondage in our colonial dependencies, but also in reference to American slavery, 'the blackest,' in the language of John Wesley, 'that ever saw the sun.' Here it was that Mr. Thompson overthrew the champion of the West India planters, Mr. Peter Borthwick. He afterwards successfully debated with Mr. Breckinridge, a notorious pro-slavery American minister; and of recent time he has done good service in enlightening the public on the true position of slavery, as involved in the fearful struggle now going on in the United States. Thirty years have nearly elapsed since Mr. Thompson left Glasgow on his first mission to that country. He was subsequently in America for some time advocating the cause of human freedom, and his labors in that capacity on both occasions were highly appreciated by the Abolitionists. This meeting, in once more parting with their esteemed friend on the eve of his again setting out for the United States, desires most cordially to assure him of their fervent aspirations for his preservation, commends him to the Divine guidance and blessing, and trusts the day is not far distant when, with his beloved friend William Lloyd Garrison and other valued associates, he may have the privilege of seeing freedom established, not merely to the extent of President Lincoln's proclamation, but when 'liberty shall be proclaimed throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.'"

THIRD DECADE PAMPHLET.

AT the recent Third Decade Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY in Philadelphia, a Committee was appointed to superintend the publication of the Proceedings of that meeting, with any other interesting matter appertaining thereto, in a pamphlet form. That Committee would now state that the funds raised at said meeting, after defraying the local expenses and the cost of reporting, afford but a trifling balance towards the pamphlet. It is accordingly necessary to request the members and friends of the Society, and all persons interested in the publication of the pamphlet, to inform the Committee of the number of copies they will individually subscribe for. This will enable the Committee to decide whether or not to proceed with the pamphlet edition. Subscriptions may be sent to OLIVER JOHNSON, 48 Beekman street, New York, or to SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 221 Washington street, Boston; and it is earnestly requested that early responses may be made. The exact price per copy cannot now be fixed, but subscribers will have their copies at actual cost.

The Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society begins the list with a subscription for *two hundred and fifty copies.*

IMPORTANT PETITION TO CONGRESS.

THE following is the Form of Petition adopted in compliance with the vote of the late Thirtieth Anniversary Meeting at Philadelphia; and which has been approved by leading anti-slavery men of various parties and denominations. The subject is one of vital moment, and the exigencies of the time point to this action as absolutely necessary to a speedy, honorable, and safe conclusion of the war. We ask our friends and readers, one and all, to interest themselves and those about them in the immediate and extensive circulation of this Petition. It is so brief that it may readily be copied at the head of a letter sheet; or a printed copy may be obtained by writing to either of the anti-slavery offices in Philadelphia (106 North Tenth St.), New York (48 Beekman St.), or Boston (221 Washington St.). Let the action be prompt and vigorous. Those who have already signed the Loyal Women's Petition need not hesitate to sign this also, as the two, though in harmony, are not identical. Friends! let the word be, Immediate! Not an hour is to be lost.

☞ When the signing is completed let the Petition be forwarded, at once, to some reliable member of Congress; or, if preferred, to one of the offices already named, where it will meet with prompt attention.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of ____ believing Slavery the great cause of the present rebellion, and an institution fatal to the life of Republican government, earnestly pray your honorable bodies to immediately abolish it throughout the United States; and to adopt measures for so amending the Constitution as forever to prohibit its existence in any portion of our common country.

MEN. | WOMEN.

A LETTER FROM LOUISIANA.

PORT HUDSON, La., Dec. 27, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE cloud of witnesses who testify on behalf of the colored man is certainly growing larger, and I rejoice to see THE STANDARD so strong in this respect. This is as it should be; we cannot have too strong testimony, nor too much of it. The black man is the great man in the nation now, and how we shall regard him, and what we shall do with him, is the great question before us. The subject ought to be urged upon the discriminating attention of the public with unremitting zeal and persistency. This testimony should be constantly poured into the ear of this unwilling people. If they will not *look* and see, let us make it so clear that they cannot *but* see. For our redeemer certainly is the colored man, and the sooner we are willing to confess that some good may come out of this Nazareth, the sooner will the day of deliverance dawn. *Therefore, I write.* A thousand *little* drops will make the bucket full. I confess at the outset that I write as an *interested* person. From the first, I have been interested in raising colored troops, thus killing slavery and curing the nation's malady at one stroke. Every day deepens my faith in the black men. Three months active experience right among them, seeing their faults (for they have an abundance of them), and seeing, too, traits which always dignify man (for they are not lacking in these), has made me feel that we have undertaken a work sublimer than has ever before been given into the hands of any nation. Few people at the North can understand what a mighty work is doing, and is to be wrought. To be realized, it must be seen.

The negroes are men, and some of them men who would shame their brethren of lighter complexion, that is, they have a truer element of manhood in them. I have been surprised to find real jewels in the midst of so much rubbish, but it is so. Some of the soldiers in our regiment, brought up under the degrading influence of slavery, taught to steal and lie, are now among the best men we have. This shows that they *can* improve.

They have faults, no one can deny it, and I will not attempt to ignore it. However, I will insist that there is a margin of explanation, and sometimes excuse for all this. White men with the same method of moral training, during the tender years of youth, would show a record of the same *stamp.* Colored men show a willingness and *desire* to reform and become manly, which is refreshing and sometimes truly surprising. Their record as soldiers, that is fighting soldiers, is written, and will speak for itself. The fact is established beyond question, that they can be brave, intrepid, and fearless as any soldiers. In camp, they are orderly, and well behaved. I have not seen a drunken soldier since I came here. The work of education has been pursued under great difficulties, but it has been crowned with cheering success. Nearly all the men show a determined purpose to learn. It is not difficult to make them understand the worth of education, and some of them are making surprising headway. It is not a rare sight to see groups of men toiling over their books by *moonlight*, so genuine is their eagerness to improve. Occasionally I find one whose intellect is so cramped and dwarfed, by a life of bondage, that it is very difficult to learn. To me it seems strange that more are not in the same sad condition. We have quite a number who can write very nicely, several being in the habit of writing letters home, for themselves and others. Only let us be just to these men; let us give them a fair chance, and I have no fear of the result. My work here is truly delightful. It has its discouragements, some of which are bitter, but on the whole, it is a pleasant field of labor, indeed none could be more so to me. I have not felt the slightest discouragement with the *colored* men. They have shown a commendable willingness to work with me in my efforts to elevate them. Their faults trouble me, and sometimes I am inclined to be impatient, but on the whole they more than meet my expectations.

One of the chief causes of discouragement is the inefficiency and lack of principle of white officers. Men have been assigned to this corps, to hold responsible positions as officers, who are totally unfit. They do not believe in the colored man, and nothing troubles them so much as to be considered an *Abolitionist.* Some of them do not respect themselves, and such of course cannot teach self-respect to the soldiers. They are here, not because they are interested in this grand endeavor and desire to aid the cause of freedom, but because they can thereby wear shoulder straps, and have their pockets liberally supplied with greenbacks. This is the grievous cross of my ministry here.

I do not speak thus of all, for we have some of the noblest men I have ever met, men who are pillars of strength, and the work they are doing is permanent gain. Of these we need more. All officers in colored regiments ought to be men of sterling integrity, of morality, of purity, for they exercise a double function. They are educators as well as commanders, and the stamp of their character very quickly appears in the men. If we had Gen. Butler as the Commanding General of this Department, I should expect to see different things. Gen. Banks will attend to his political interests first, then the interests of these miserable rebs who approach him with oily tongues, after that he may possibly think of the interests of the colored men.

If the colored troops do succeed, and gain the position which their friends would see them occupy, it will be chiefly owing to their own inherent worth, and not to the *superior* aid of white men.

The visits of THE STANDARD are a source of help and encouragement. I am thus kept toned up to a cheerful key and work harder and better. C.

PERSONAL.

If "S. F. P." wishes to hear from the Editor of this paper respecting the subject of his communication, let him send his name and address.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage lectured in Albany last Sunday evening. Tweddle Hall was crowded to overflowing, and many went away unable to get seats. A contribution of $51 was made for her cause.

At the last annual meeting of the Century Club in this city, Hon. George Bancroft was elected President by a large majority over Gulian C. Verplanck, the former incumbent, who is understood to be almost or quite a Secessionist.

The Union State Convention of New Hampshire has nominated Gov. Gillmore for reelection, and adopted a resolution declaring Abraham Lincoln to be "the people's choice" for reëlection to the Presidency in 1864.

Frederick Douglass delivered a powerful and eloquent lecture on "The Mission of the War," before the Women's Loyal League, at the Cooper Institute, on Wednesday evening. The hall was crowded, and in the audience were many eminent citizens. The most radical sentiments uttered by the speaker were loudly cheered.

Says the Washington correspondent of *The Express*, under date 9th inst.: "There is every reason to fear that this great and good man [Chief-Justice Taney] will never again resume his seat on the Bench. He is in one sense better than he was, but he is so weak that he cannot rise up in bed, and there are signs that he will never recover from this debility. He may live for some time yet, but there is great cause for fearing that we shall no more see him on the Bench."

On Monday last the U. S. House of Representatives passed a resolve, granting the use of their Hall to Anna E. Dickinson, for the delivery of an address to increase the funds of the Freedman's Association. There could hardly be a more striking illustration than such vote affords of the immense change in public opinion, in respect to everything relating to slavery, that has taken place since the commencement of the rebellion.

Aaron M. Powell writes from Peterboro, Jan. 10: "I have had two excellent meetings here to-day (Sunday), and as I write am sheltered under the hospitable roof of our friend Gerrit Smith. It is a truly delightful home. Mr. Smith is not in as good health as I could wish to see him. He is constantly obliged to forego much labor which he would most gladly perform. I had a very good meeting on Friday evening last, in Rome, very unlike one I attended there three Winters ago, when we were driven out of Spencer Hall by a noisy, howling mob."

THE BIRTH-DAY OF LIBERTY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF JANUARY AT BEAUFORT.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ONE of the most imposing demonstrations that has ever taken place in South Carolina, was held in Beaufort on last New Year's day. The people gathered from all the islands, along the South Carolina coast within the Federal lines. Five large steamers were busily engaged in bringing them in; and by 10 o'clock a.m. the people had mostly arrived in Beaufort; whereupon the forming of the civic and military procession commenced according to the following order:

1.—The Friends of Freedom, who proffer their greeting.
2.—Wounded and disabled soldiers at this Post.
3. 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers.
4.—2d Regiment South Carolina Volunteers.
5.—Detachments from other colored regiments.
6.—Colored laborers and mechanics in Quartermaster's Department at Hilton Head.
7.—Colored laborers and mechanics in the Quartermaster's Department at Beaufort.
8.—Pilots and Engineers.
9.—Colored sailors of the Navy.
10.—General Superintendents of labor and instruction.
11.—Schools of Beaufort and vicinity.
12.—Missionaries and Pastors of churches.
13.—Freedmen of Beaufort city.
14.—Freedmen of Port Royal Island.
15.—Freedmen of Hilton Head Island.
16.—Freedmen of St. Helena Island.
17.—Freedmen of Ladies' Island.
18.—Freedmen of Paris and other Islands.
19.—Representatives of other States.

Two splendid brass bands, one from the 8th Maine Regiment, the other from the 48th New York, played the airs of Freedom, and thus added to the interest of the procession. The whole procession was marshalled by Col. T. W. Higginson in a most handsome manner. About 11 o'clock the vast concourse of rejoicing ones reached the stand, which was very impressive in its structure and artistic beauty. It bore the historic names of Washington, Adams, Lincoln, John Brown, Toussaint L'Ouverture, and Shaw. On the stand were Gen. Saxton and wife, and members of his staff, together with many of the most distinguished military officers and friends of freedom in this department. Just before the exercises commenced, the several forts in the vicinity fired salutes in honor of the day, while the John Adams (gunboat), lying out in the Beaufort river, mingled the thunders of her artillery.

At the stand Rev. James Lynch called the assembly to order, and the blessing of Heaven was asked by Rev. Abraham Murchinson. Mr. Gilbert Pillsbury read with appropriate emphasis the Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Reuben Tomlinson, who has labored arduously and watched vigilantly for the interests of the people, read the New Year's Greeting of Gen. Saxton to the people, which was responded to by Rev. James Lynch, who, among other things, said: "General, please accept my assurance, on behalf of the Freedmen of this Department, that your greeting is accepted with feelings akin to those which prompted it. . . . . We remember the midnight hour of American oppression, when, towering in its colossal power, it dictated terms to the nation—flung the blackest gloom over a helpless race—hid from them every ray of hope—libelled the Deity and claimed His sanction for its infamy. . . . . A glorious future is now before us. We revel in the glorious anticipation of the day when the miserable slave huts shall give place to smiling cottages—stocks, whipping-posts and pillories to school-houses and churches — overseers and drivers to ministers and teachers. . . . . The stream of loyal blood which is now flowing in strong and mighty current shall bear this nation, with all of its inhabitants, to a height of moral and political grandeur; combining all the excellencies of ancient with all the desirable elements and characteristics of modern civilization, it shall be the standard for an advancing world, and throw out the golden cord of assistance to every political element of the universe. With that red stream the black man's blood has, and shall continue to mingle. . . . . General, I beg you to accept this sword—a humble testimonial from the loving thousands who now gaze upon you. You have thrown around us the kindest protection. You have encouraged ministers and teachers to come among us. By your encouragement over sixty-five fine schools flourish. You have inaugurated a system of free labor, under the direction of those whose hearts are true. The people are self-sustaining and fast improving. Sir, outside of this Department our race has felt that you are a benefactor. Your example had a magnet's force. We beg you then to accept this sword as a token of our gratitude, respect and love."

The General replied in a tone and manner that indicated a clear head, a pure heart and a burning zeal for the welfare of the despised ones; expressing his gratification at being the recipient of the honor, and his joy as he beheld the bright future before them. To which he added a few words of advice. I regret I have not a copy of his address.

Col. C. H. Van Wyck, formerly a member of Congress from the State of New York; Col. Ewell, Chief Quartermaster of Department of the South, and Dr. Brisbane, U. S. Direct Tax-Commissioner, made telling speeches, and as they spoke it seemed as if the "living fountains of eloquence were tapped." A most interesting and appropriate address to schools and teachers was made by Rev. Dr. L. D. Barrows, and a most beautiful ode was read by Mr. A. P. Ketchum, a gifted son of New York. The ode was written for the occasion by Mr. H. G. Judd.

Col. T. W. Higginson was made the recipient of a testimonial by a few of the colored citizens of Beaufort.

The exercises were interspersed with martial music, and the singing of the freedmen. It is estimated that nearly five thousand persons were present. The weather was exceedingly cold—the northwest wind blew strong, but the people were attentive and enthusiastic during the exercises, which lasted two and a half hours.

At the close of the exercises, the people and soldiers went at a "double quick" to the tables, which were laden with eight roasted oxen, two thousand loaves of bread, molasses, etc.

The occasion was one of which every lover of liberty felt proud. The cheers that went up for Lincoln, Saxton, Elwell, Hunter, and the lamented Mitchel, were as sincere as they were vociferous. I regret that I cannot give you a better written account of this celebration; but the mail will close in a few moments.

HOPEFUL.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10, 1864.

MR. ELIOT, Chairman of the Select Committee on Emancipation, has drawn up an important bill, which will doubtless receive the assent of the Committee. He proposes to establish a Bureau of Emancipation, and the work of the bureau will be, in a single word, to provide for the wants of the Freedmen. At present nobody seems to care for the large class of people set free by the successes of the war and the proclamation, and yet in a sense every department is caring for them. The War Department is not forgetful of the interests of the colored population, as the Freedman's Village over at Arlington proves. But it has all that it can well attend to in the management of the war itself. Mr. Chase is always ready to do everything in his power to promote the welfare of the emancipated slaves along the border or in the Carolinas, or anywhere within his jurisdiction. There is no man connected with the Administration who is quite so willing to work for the slave, actually going entirely out of his way to do it, as Mr. Chase. Yet Mr. Chase is taxed to the utmost to furnish the money with which this war is carried on. There should be a distinct department, with a commissioner and assistants, whose sole business it should be to care for the Freedmen. It seems to me that the proper title is "the Freedman's Bureau," rather than the Bureau of Emancipation. The Select Committee on this subject have agreed to report a bill to the House, but not any particular bill. There is no doubt, however, upon the subject—a bill will pass, and a distinct department or bureau will be established to care for the Freedmen. The President favors this plan, and Mr. Chase and Mr. Stanton will lend their influence in favor of it, so that there will be no trouble in carrying it through Congress.

There is much less opposition in Congress to the Emancipation proclamation than was expected. Of course nobody supposed that Republicans would desert their principles, but it was expected that the Opposition would attempt to make a great outcry against emancipation, rousing the anti-negro prejudices of the country if possible. But the fact is, that the people are getting tired and sick of the old "Democratic" speeches against colored men. There was a very interesting debate in the House the other day on the Diplomatic bill. Mr. Cox, as usual, moved to strike out the appropriation for the Haytian mission, and hung a mean little anti-negro speech upon his motion. Mr. Stevens, who is one of the best men in Congress to hit off a demagogue of Cox's calibre, administered a sharp rebuke to the Ohio member in a good-natured way. Said he:

"I have nothing to say, sir, in regard to the association of the gentleman from Ohio, or anybody else, with a black minister from Hayti. There is no law to compel it that I know of, and if such a minister should happen to visit the White House, I trust the gentleman will never be in a position when he will be obliged to receive him (laughter). He will not be compelled to receive him unless he is in such a position. It will be a matter of election altogether.

"I know, sir, there is a particular party in this country, as well as sporadic cases in all parties, that look a great deal more in their associations to the accidental color of the skin or the shape of the face than to the intellect and merit of the human beings with whom they are called upon to associate, and that that is made one of the grand cardinal principles of a great party in this country.

"Now, sir, I do not know that ever I shall come across men of dark color of the same intelligence as white men. I have seen some that I thought not much inferior to most of us, and I, for my part, have no kind of bashfulness in talking to such a gentleman, if he talks politely, as they usually do; but it is a matter of taste altogether. I hope, however, that we shall not be less liberal than a very rich colored merchant in Jamaica that I heard a gentleman from Boston, who had dined with him, speak of. He said, in the course of conversation, to this gentleman, a highly intelligent and very rich man with whom he was dining, that he had no prejudices about color; that he would never prefer a man of color, and that he would just as soon dine with a man as white as his table-cloth" (laughter).

The House enjoyed this rejoinder. But, though Mr. Cox is fond occasionally of ventilating his brutal prejudices, the most of the Opposition members are silent. They are waiting to see what will come of this war, conscious that in the late elections the people gave evidence of being sick of the silly (or infamous) talk of Democratic demagogues against black men.

The most important subject now before Congress is the Enrollment Act, as it is proposed to amend it. A deputation of Friends were before the Military Committee of the House a day or two since, asking for exemption from the military service of all who were conscientiously opposed to fighting. They laid before the Committee some very striking facts in the history of the Friends, going to show that no member of the Society who had consistently refused to enter the military service, within the whole history of the sect, had ever come to harm. It is well known that the government has never forced a Friend into the Army, though he may have, as a matter of principle, refused to pay the commutation money. It was stated that, in Quantrell's raid upon Lawrence, three Friends were unharmed, and their houses were untouched, though Quantrell could not have known, as the attack was made in the night, whose houses or whose lives he was saving. The exemption will not be made, because Congress dislikes the idea of exempting anybody. It may easily provide relief to the honest Friend by adding a section to the Enrollment Act, giving authority to Provost Marshals to seize upon the property of drafted Friends to the amount of $300. The payment of the commutation-money would not then be a voluntary act, and it would relieve them from all embarrassment.

A large number of persons are applying to the government for permission to go to South Carolina for the purpose of attending the sale of confiscated lands. I have heard the number fixed as high as five hundred. This is an indication of the disposition of the enterprising classes of the free States to colonize the Southern country as soon as the rebels will move out. The despised "Yankees" would overrun all the rebel States in a twelvemonth if they felt sure of protection. There will be no difficulty in putting a loyal population into the slave States if the government is only competent to assure the colonists and emigrants of protection. They will flock Southward by the hundreds and thousands.

The talk about President-making, which was so common a few weeks ago in Washington circles, seems to have died out. The feeling among sensible men is strong against any President-making operations this Winter. Let the war proceed, and next Summer the country can select a loyal candidate for the Presidency without trouble. No one can tell what changes will occur within six months. New questions may arise that will guide the country to the proper settlement of this question. There is a disposition in certain quarters to forestall the action of a Convention and put a candidate on the track at once. This is not judicious, in fact is the worst thing that could occur for the candidate thus prematurely put before the people. One thing is now a foregone conclusion. The loyal people of the country are going to elect the next President by a great majority.

AVON.

THE THIRTIETH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE Managers of the THIRTIETH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY hereby announce to its numerous friends and patrons, and to the friends of liberty and emancipation universally, that it will be held, as hitherto, in MUSIC HALL, Boston, on Wednesday evening, January 27th, 1864; and they confidently anticipate not only the same thronged attendance and liberal patronage that have hitherto been extended to it, but a cheering increase of both, in view of the wonderful change which has been wrought in public opinion, on the subject of slavery, since the rebellion broke out, adverse to the longer continuance of that "sum of all villanies."

The special object of this Anniversary has been, from year to year, to replenish the treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, and thus enable it to keep in operation those potent instrumentalities whereby the public conscience has been aroused, the public understanding enlightened, and the public heart softened, in regard to the pitiable condition of the millions of bondmen and bondwomen whose deliverance, though manifestly approaching, yet remains to be consummated. To that Society is the whole country most deeply indebted for its unfaltering, courageous and inflexible opposition to slavery as a system, and to the Slave Power as inimical to every element of Democracy and Christianity, through a long period of years; and it is now widely and magnanimously conceded that, if its solemn warnings, powerful appeals, and prophetic asseverations had been duly heeded, the present awful tragedy of rebellion and civil war might have been averted, and the abolition of slavery secured without violence or blood.

The American Anti-Slavery Society has recently celebrated, at Philadelphia, its THIRD DECADE, or thirtieth anniversary since its formation. The occasion was one of thrilling interest and stirring remembrance—calling, in the retrospect of the past, for devout thanksgiving to the God of the oppressed for what had been effected by the power of His truth, and inspiring to new labors to secure the liberation of every slave in the land. While the great concourse of "the tried and true," who were present, were made jubilant by all the signs of the times; and while they expressed the confident hope that the monster slavery had received its death-wound through its treasonable revolt aainst the General government; still, there was entire unanimity in the conviction that the Society should not think, for one moment, of retiring from the conflict until liberty is "proclaimed throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Judge CONWAY, of Kansas, in a letter read on the occasion, regretting his absence, said—"I recognize in the American Anti-Slavery Society the primal agent in the regeneration of the American nation which is now in progress. The ultimate triumph of liberty is assured. Thank God, the future is ours! But this assurance should in no wise inspire us with indifference to the progress of events. We must not suppose that *our* part of the work is finished. *The American Anti-Slavery Society must not think of retiring from the field for many a long day yet.* The future is ours; but we must do the work necessary to perfect the results."

On the same occasion, the Hon. HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts, in the course of an eloquent speech said—"By years, by epochs alone, can we measure the progressive advancement of a movement so grand and comprehensive as the anti-slavery movement in America. What mighty changes have been wrought in the condition of the anti-slavery cause in the United States since the American Anti-Slavery Society was organized by representatives of ten States in 1833! Then a few unknown and nameless men were its apostles; now the most accomplished intellects in America are its champions. Then a few proscribed and hunted followers rallied around its banners; now it has laid its grasp upon the conscience of the nation, and millions rally around the folds of its flag. Then not a statesman in America accepted its doctrines or advocated its measures; now it controls more than twenty States; has a majority in both houses of Congress, and the Chief Magistrate of the republic decrees the emancipation of three million men. Then every free State was against it; now Western Virginia, Delaware, Maryland and Missouri pronounce for the emancipation of their bondmen. Then the public press covered it with ridicule and contempt—now the most powerful journals in America are its organs, scattering its truths broadcast over all the land. Then the religious, benevolent and literary institutions of the land rebuked its doctrines and proscribed its advocates—now it shapes, moulds and fashions them at its pleasure. Then political organizations trampled disdainfully upon it—now it looks down in the pride of conscious power upon the wrecked political fragments that float at its feet. Then it was impotent and powerless—now it holds public men and political organizations in the hollow of its hand. Then the public voice sneered at and defied it—now it is master of America, and has only to be true to itself to bury slavery so deep that the hand of no returning despotism can reach it." In concluding his speech, Mr. Wilson admonishingly remarked—"I say to you, Mr. President, and to the anti-slavery men of the United States, who have rejected the subtle policy of concession and compromise, who have repudiated the guilty delusion that the sin of slavery belongs to past generations and repentance to posterity, you who have perpetually sounded into the ear of the nation the sin of oppression and the duty of repentance, go not home with the conviction that your work is done, but go home cheered by the assurance that the battle is going on for you; that you have stormed battery after batt

Proceedings of Congress.

In the Senate, on the 6th, there was a debate upon the bill, introduced by Mr. Powell of Ky., making it criminal for the United States to prevent disloyal voters from taking part in elections! Powell and Davis of Ky., and Saulsbury of Delaware, hissed out their Copperhead venom, and were rebuked in fitting terms by Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts. The bill was killed by referring it to the Military Committee. On the 7th Mr. Carlisle of Va., "Conservative," introduced a resolve declaring that there is no such power as "the war power" known to the government of the United States, out of the Constitution, etc. Ordered to lie on the table and be printed. Mr. Howe of Wisconsin introduced a joint resolusion for the relief of our prisoners at Richmond, authorizing the President to call for a million of volunteers, to serve for ninety days, to be employed in carrying food and freedom to every captive held in rebel prisons; the said volunteers to be placed under the control of Major. Gen. U. S. Grant; Congress to adjourn on the 4th of March till the 4th of June, and each member under 50 years of age to be asked to serve in the army without pay during the intervening period. Referred to the Military Committee. On the 8th resolutions of thanks were passed to Generals Hooker, Meade, Banks and Burnside. Mr. Hale offered a resolution appointing a Select Committee to investigate the condition of the Navy, the efficiency of steam vessels, the mode of obtaining supplies, and the conduct of the Department generally. He made a speech, intimating his belief that there was incompetence and corruption in the Department. Messrs. Doolittle, Grimes and Conness spoke against the resolution and in censure of Mr. Hale, but Mr. Davis (Copperhead) of Ky. came to his support. No action was taken. Mr. Wilson of Mass. offered a resolution to expel Mr. Davis of Ky. for language employed in resolutions introduced some time since by him (Mr. D.). Mr. Davis complained that Mr. Wilson misrepresented him. No action was taken. On Monday Mr. Wilkinson of Minnesota offered a resolution that the Secretary of War be requested to furnish all information in his possession touching the arrest and incarceration of certain soldiers of the Ninth Minnesota regiment by the military authorities of Missouri, at Jefferson City. Mr. Wilkinson said a negro had come into the camp and told the soldiers that he was a freedman, and that his former master, a rebel, had gone into the service of the Confederate government. He also said that by permission of the commander of the post, Gen. Brown, his wife and children were imprisoned for the purpose of being taken South for sale. These soldiers of the Ninth Minnesota, having been recently sent down there, considered this an outrage, and about forty of them started out for their rescue. Reaching the depot, they found a train of cars there with the passengers all on board. They took the women and children out of the hands of the traders, and delivered them over to the husband. Hereupon forty of the soldiers were arrested, thrown into prison, and remain there now. Mr. Lane of Kansas said that the officers appointed by Gov. Gamble are the offenders. The soldiers of Missouri are unconditional Union men. The officers, under the Gamble *regime*, are sympathizers with treason. Mr. Brown of Mo. confirmed the statement of Mr. Wilkinson, and said the transactions referred to were only part and parcel of the programme which has prevailed there for more than a year past. He could also indorse the statements of the Senator from Kansas in regard to the warfare which has been made in the State upon the Free-Soilers. It has not been done alone by the Gamble dynasty, but sanctioned and urged on by the military commander of the United States in that department, Gen. Schofield. The resolution was adopted. The resolutions for the expulsion of Mr. Davis of Ky. were made the order of the day for Wednesday. Mr. Henderson of Mo. presented amendments to the Constitution of the United States, declaring, first, that slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, shall not exist in the United States; second, that Congress, whenever a majority of the members elected to each House shall deem it necessary, may propose amendments to the Constitution, or on the application of the Legislatures of a majority of the several States, shall call a Convention for procuring amendments, which in either case shall be to all intents and purposes part of the Constitution when ratified by the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, or by Conventions in two-thirds thereof, as the one or other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress.

In the House, on the 6th, Mr. Dawes of Mass., from the Committee on Elections, introduced a bill fixing a uniform time for electing members of Congress. Referred. On motion of Mr. Morrill of Vt. the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds were instructed to examine and report on the expediency of setting apart the old Hall of Representatives as a Hall of Statuary. The object is to invite the several States to provide statues of marble or bronze, not exceeding two for each State, of renowned citizens, to be there placed. Mr. Arnold of Illinois made a speech, showing that the destruction of slavery is necessary to the restoration of national unity and the salvation of the country. [We hope to find room for extracts from this speech hereafter.] On the 7th, Mr. Baldwin of Mass. introduced the following resolution, which was adopted, yeas 84, nays 24.

Whereas, The organized treason, having its headquarters at Richmond, exists in defiant violation of the Federal Constitution, and has no claim to be treated otherwise than as an outlaw;

Whereas, The Richmond combination of conspirators and traitors can have no rightful authority over the people of any portion of the National Union, and no warrant for assuming control of the political destiny of the people of any State or section thereof, and no warrant but that of conspiracy and treason for any assumption of authority whatever; therefore,

Resolved, That any proposition to negotiate with the Rebel leaders at Richmond, sometimes called the "authorities at Richmond," for the restoration of loyalty and order in those portions of the Republic which have been disorganized by the rebellion, is, in effect, a proposition to recognize the ringleaders of the rebellion as entitled to represent and bind the loyal citizens of the United States, whom they oppress, and to give countenance and support to the pretension of conspiracy and treason, and, therefore, every such proposition should be rejected without hesitation or delay.

Mr. Rogers of N. J. offered resolutions proposing the appointment of Commissioners on the part of the Federal government to meet Commissioners of the insurgent States, for the purpose of considering whether any, and if any what, plan may be adopted, consistent with the honor and dignity of the nation, and based only upon a restoration of the whole Union, by which the present war may be brought to a close, etc. Laid on the table, yeas 78, nays 42. On Monday, Mr. Pike of Me. offered a resolution, granting the use of the hall of the House of Representatives to Miss Anna E. Dickinson to deliver an address to increase the funds of the Freedmen's Aid Association. Mr. Ancona of Pennsylvania (Dem.) moved to lay the resolution on the table. Motion lost, by Yeas 48, Nays 79. The resolution was then adopted. Fernando Wood offered resolutions appointing a Committee to inquire into the accusations of fraud made against Gen. Butler in connection with his administration in New Orleans; also against the War and Navy Department, and the Custom House in New York. The House, not thinking the hero of the Marvine frauds a suitable agent for investigating the conduct of other men, laid his resolutions on the table. Mr. Broomall of Pa. offered a resolution declaring it to be the sense of the House that the government should use strenuous efforts to procure for soldiers those used as slaves in rebel territory, by giving them full pay and bounties as to other soldiers, and guaranteeing them freedom at once on enlistment. The House voted down, yeas 61, nays 73, a motion of Mr. Cox of Ohio to lay the resolution on the table. No further action was taken.

WOMEN'S PETITION FOR EMANCIPATION.

We give below the form of petition adopted by the Women's National Loyal League. If any of our readers are not otherwise supplied, they can copy this on a sheet of paper and commence at once the work of obtaining signatures.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:]

(Men)

The Undersigned, Women of the United States above the age of eighteen years, earnestly pray that your Honorable Body will pass, at the earliest practicable day, an Act emancipating all Persons of African descent held to involuntary service or labor in the United States.

Name.	*Residence.*

When the sheet is filled, add others of the same width to the foot of it, with paste or mucilage. The signatures should be by the persons themselves, or else written at their request. Add, at close of each petition, the number of signatures contained, and name of Town, County and State whence it comes. Return to Women's National Loyal League, 20 Cooper Institute, New York.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

Advices received to Jan. 3d. There were considerable movements in progress among the troops in the department, but they were not of a character to be made public. It is quite likely, therefore, that the news brought last week, of an expedition having left, probably for Mobile, is correct. It was believed in New Orleans that all the rebel troops which have been operating in Western Louisiana, supposed to number 20,000 men, were gathering in Central Texas, with the object of attacking the points along the coast now occupied by the Union troops. Preparations have been made by us to meet this threatened movement. Nearly all the regiments of the Nineteenth Army corps are reported to have reënlisted as veterans.

FROM TENNESSEE.

Advices from Cumberland Gap say that a body of Union troops numbering about 300 men, stationed at Jonesville, Western Virginia, to guard a region which was an excellent place for foraging, was surprised on Sunday, Jan. 3, by an overwhelming force of rebels, estimated at 4,000, under Gen. Sam Jones. Our men made a desperate resistance, continuing from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m., and only surrendered after losing 30 killed, and 30 wounded, one gun and two small howitzers

FROM THE EAST GULF SQUADRON.

The Navy Department is in receipt of official dispatches from Rear-Admiral Bailey, commanding the East Gulf Blockading Squadron, detailing some very important operations in which a portion of his force had lately engaged. An expedition or series of expeditions under the direction of Acting-Master Browne, of the bark Restless, had explored the waters of Lake Ocala and the West and St. Andrew's Bays, landing repeatedly, and destroying the very extensive saltworks from which the rebel Confederacy has mainly received its supplies. Nearly two hundred of these salt-boiling establishments with their boilers and manufactured stock were destroyed, and the value of the property is estimated at $3,000,000. The town of St. Andrews, which was occupied by a rebel force, was shelled and burned to ashes.

FROM CHARLESTON.

News to the 8th inst. No change in the aspect of affairs since previous advices. Gen. Gilmore continued to throw shells into the city, and on the 7th twenty were deposited among the warehouses nearest our batteries. The lower part of the town is not inhabitable. The Boston *Traveller* of Tuesday says that letters have been received in that city from a Northern clergyman who established himself in Charleston with his family but a short time before the rebellion. He gives touching details of the anguish and suffering of the inhabitants of the place, many of whom hope and pray for redemption even at the hands of the Yankees. In his opinion, the time is rapidly approaching when it will be found necessary to give up the city to save the people from absolute starvation. Of course, all that can, leave the place; but many have not the means, neither have they any place of refuge.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

THE FIGHT AT MOSCOW, TENN.

The details of the fight at Moscow, Tenn., in which 4,000 rebels, under Lee and Chalmers, were finally repulsed, show how bravely the colored soldiers can fight. It appears that Col. Hatch's cavalry brigade fell into an ambuscade, and being overpowered, were forced back in great confusion upon a bridge, which became blocked up to such an extent that many of the cavalrymen plunged into the stream. The correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, in continuation, says:

At the first notes of Battle, Col. Kendrick, of the colored regiment, had reënforced the picket at the bridge with two companies of his regiment, deploying them, with the force on picket, behind rifle-pits in such a position as to command the bridge. Closely following the retreat of the cavalry, the rebels made a desperate attempt to force a passage of the bridge, but their impetuous charges were met by a steady and effective fire from the colored infantry, and their advance checked. Throughout the fight the main attack of the rebels was upon this bridge, but the infantry, as also the cavalry and artillery which took position here soon after the action commenced, were unflinching, and the daring assaults of the enemy were unavailing.

Meanwhile another detachment of the 2d West Tennessee, under command of Lieut.-Col. Foley, was engaged in defending the railroad bridge. Separated entirely from the rest of the line by intervening swamps and bayous, and altogether without the support of white troops, this detachment for over an hour sustained the attacks of the whole rebel left. They changed position three several times in order to meet the movements of the rebels who were prolonging their line to the left, in the direction of the railroad bridge. Following their irrepressible leader, they plunged on the double-quick through mud and water, and through thickets, and finally gained the bridge before the enemy and saved it.

The conduct of the colored troops was unexceptionable. The regiment had never been in action before, but the result of this trial did not disappoint the most sanguine anticipations of its friends. The men were daring, impetuous, zealous, requiring rather to be restrained than to be urged forward; exhibiting discontent and dissatisfaction when withdrawn from action, rather than any disinclination to enter the fight.

One circumstance will serve to illustrate the heroic determination which characterizes all of them. John C. Irwin, a private of Company A, received a fatal bullet while in the act of firing. He staggered back, exclaiming "Oh, I'm killed!" But he rallied, and loaded and fired three times while in the agonies of death.

The following congratulatory dispatch was received from the General commanding the forces here:

CORINTH, Dec. 4, 1863.

COL. KENDRICK: I congratulate you and your troops on their good work, and only regret that I could not have witnessed their valor.

JOHN D. STEVENSON, Brig.-Gen.

Heretofore there have not been wanting, in this part of the army, those who were hostile to the employment of negro troops by the government. But this one day's work has answered all the arguments and all the ridicule which the enemies of the enterprise have brought against it; and all who speak of the negro soldier now, speak in terms of commendation.

HEADQUARTERS 16TH ARMY CORPS,
MEMPHIS, TENN., Dec. 17th, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 173.—The recent affair at Moscow, Tenn., has demonstrated the fact that colored troops, properly disciplined and commanded, can and will fight well, and the General Commanding Corps deems it to be due to the officers and men of the 2d Regiment West Tennessee Infantry of African descent, thus publicly to return his personal thanks for their gallant and successful defence of the important position to which they had been assigned, and for the manner in which they have vindicated the wisdom of the government in elevating the rank and file of these regiments to the position of freedmen and soldiers.

By order of Maj.-Gen. S. A. HURLBUT.
T. H. HARRIS, Asst. Adj.-Gen.

FROM GEN. BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

Fortress Monroe, Jan. 3.—Gen. Butler, an old "hard-shell Democrat," and once a fierce pro-slavery man, has done more to elevate the unfortunate colored race than any man in this country. His famous order No. 46 has been published and republished throughout the country. His doctrine is that "all men are born equal," and shall be treated accordingly, no matter what may be their complexion. His idea that negroes make as good soldiers as white men is tested daily, and verified beyond the most sanguine expectations. There are at this moment no less than *eight colored regiments* in course of organization within this department; the majority of them nearly full, and all officered by picked and trustworthy men who have seen active service.

One regiment of colored cavalry, numbering twelve hundred men, has been organized by Gen. Butler in six days, and as the horses have already been sent to Fortress Monroe from New York, every man will be mounted and in the line in the short space of two weeks from the day of organization. The command of this mounted "corps d'Afrique" has been bestowed on Col. Girard, formerly major of the Third New York cavalry, and an officer of great merit. The discipline enforced in this regiment is very strict, and at the opening of the Spring campaign this command will be a great auxiliary to an advancing column. For the organization of negro cavalry everything that is favorable can be urged in its behalf. Every negro from his infancy is made accustomed to the care of horses, and is an excellent rider by intuition. It is the first requisite for a cavalryman to be a bold and fearless rider, and in this case the colored man needs no teaching. A stern discipline moulds him into a perfect machine at the command of his officers, and being anxious to learn, he very soon acquires a ready use of the sabre.

The endurance of a colored regiment on the march has been put to the severest test. Gen. Wistar, commanding at Yorktown, a short time ago sent one of the colored regiments on a raid through Matthews Co., Va., accompanied by a white cavalry regiment. The black troops marched a distance of sixty miles in forty hours, and seemed to endure the fatigues of a tramp considerably easier than the mounted white men.

The immediate command of the colored troops in the Department of Virginia and North Carolina devolves upon Brig.-Gen. Wild, a most gallant officer, who lost an arm in battle during the Peninsula campaign. While engaged in organizing the first colored troops in North Carolina, Gen. Wild had considerable difficulties to contend with, but, nevertheless, succeeded, in spite of all obstacles, and is now reaping the good results from his indefatigable endeavors.

The present arrangements of Gen. Butler for the management of negro affairs have been thoroughly systematized, and Lieut.-Col. J. Burnham Kinsman has been appointed the Superintendent-General. The department has been divided into four sub-districts, each having a special superintendent. The number of colored people who are at present a charge upon the government has been ascertained, since the taking of the census, to be upwards of seventy thousand, and it is daily increasing by the constant arrival of fugitives.

A circular order just issued by Col. Kinsman calls upon the charitable to send their contributions of clothing and supplies for the freedmen to his address, at Fortress Monroe, and he pledges himself to see them daily distributed throughout his colonies.

A COLORED-SOLDIER GUARDING HIS FORMER MASTER.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, with the army of the Cumberland, narrates the following incident:

A certain wealthy old planter, who used to govern a precinct in Alabama, in a recent skirmish was taken prisoner, and at a late hour brought into camp, where a guard was placed over him. The aristocratic rebel, supposing everything was all right—that he was secure enough any way as a prisoner of war—as a committee of the whole, resolved himself into "sleep's dead slumber." Awakening about midnight, to find the moon shining full into his face, he chanced to "inspect his guard," when, horror of horrors, that soldier was a negro! And, worse than all, he recognized in that towering form, slowly and steadily walking a beat, *one of his own slaves!*

Human nature could not stand that; the prisoner was enraged, furious, and swore he would not. Addressing the guard, through clenched teeth, foaming at the mouth, he yelled out:

"Sambo!"

"Well, massa."

"Send for the colonel to come here immediately. My own slave can never stand guard over me; its a d—d outrage; no gentleman would submit to it."

Laughing in his sleeve, the dark-faced soldier promptly called out, "corp'l de guard!"

That dignity appeared, and presently the colonel followed.

After listening to the Southerner's impassioned harrangue, which was full of invectives, the colonel turned to the negro with,

"Sam!"

"Yes, Colonel."

"You know this gentleman, do you?"

"Ob course; he's Massa B., and has big plantation in Alabam'."

"Well, Sam, just take care of him to-night!" and the officer walked away.

As the sentinel again paced his beat, the gentleman from Alabama appealed to him in an argument.

"Listen, Sambo!"

"You hush, dar; it's done gone talkin' to you now. Hush, rebel!" was the negro's emphatic command, bringing down his musket to a charge bayonet position, by way of enforcing silence.

The nabob was now a slave—his once valued negro the master; and think you, as he sank back upon a blanket, in horror and shame that night, that he believed human bondage was a divine institution, ordained of God?

FLAG PRESENTATION AT PORT HUDSON.

Since the capture of Port Hudson, La., the Corps d'Afrique has been stationed within the fortifications, employed in strengthening the works, in erecting a great interior fort, and in clearing the country around from guerillas. There are thirty regiments, divided into four brigades and two divisions, the whole under command of Brig.-Gen. L. Andrews, the 1st Division being commanded by Brig. Gen. Ullman of New York. On the 15th ult. a very interesting ceremony took place. A beautiful stand of colors had been prepared by Messrs. George Opdyke, A. T. Stewart, A. A. Low, Moses H Grinnell, Edgar Ketchum, and other prominent citizens of New York, and on the above-mentioned day were presented to the 7th Regiment by Chaplain Conway. The various regiments were in a line, and after some evolutions, the presentation was made. An address from the donors was read by Dr. Conway, to which Col. Clark made a fit response, saying:

"You will say to the gentlemen sending this elegant gift to the colored soldier, but yesterday a slave, now a freeman, and a soldier for the Union, doing duty for his country, that he would rather die under the folds of these banners, fighting for the Union, than live in a palace the master of slaves. You will also say the colored soldier *will* do his duty on the field of battle. Has he ever been tried where he did not? Has he ever failed to follow his officers into the thickest of the fight, even to the cannon's mouth? and will he not do it again? I say he can and will; and through his aid the Union *shall* be preserved, and our flag again triumph and wave over every State, city, and village in this Union; aye, every hamlet shall boast of its protection, and it will wave more proudly than ever."

Gen. Andrews said: "The only stain which crippled our republic was being fast blotted out. No nation can in future point to slavery and disgrace us. By the aid of the colored soldier, we shall go on under these noble banners till the monster of slavery is completely strangled."

Gen. Ullman made a stirring address, in the course of which he said:

"How wonderful, how extraordinary, how rapid are the changes of human life! A few short months ago, and we, who by the command of the President came to Louisiana to be officers of the colored troops, were met on all sides with sneers of contempt, and open and covert hostility from those who should have been our chief support; now their name is legion who are running a fearful steeple-chase, to see who, qualified or unqualified, fit or unfit, can first bag a commission in the Corps d'Afrique.

"A few short months ago, and you, privates, were slaves, bowed in the dust by cruelty and oppression; now, you are freedmen, soldiers of the United States, clothed in the uniform of the Union, armed with the weapons of freedom, organized under the banners of freedom, and eager to fight for your own liberties, and the salvation of the land alike your and our home.

"A few short months ago, and rebel sympathizers, North and South, made the air vocal with their declarations that colored men, blacks, "niggers," slaves, never could be brought into a military organization; we look around us here, on this lovely Sabbath day, with this warm November sun shining full upon us, and proclaim that an army of colored soldiers, once slaves, is an accomplished fact; and, for proof, point to these long lines of glittering bayonets, and to these waving banners.

"When the President first sent me down to this department, armed with extraordinary powers, to raise and organize a brigade of those who had once been slaves, I confess that I felt not a little doubtful as to success—not that I questioned the courage or capacity of the black to fight—history had settled that—but I knew the mighty power of prejudice; I knew how it paralyzes and holds enthralled the human mind; I knew that on no other subject were the hearts of large masses of the American people so hardened; I knew how fearful are the odds which he has to encounter who becomes the pioneer of a policy against which are arrayed the worst of human possions; but I also knew that in no other way could this gigantic and wicked rebellion be defeated and its recurrence hereafter be prevented. The death-blow must be struck at the vital part—slavery had caused the rebellion; slavery should destroy the rebellion. The object of the rebellion being to bind and rivet, for ever, on the black race the chains of slavery, it is the logical sequence, it is righteous retribution, that freed slaves should, in the hands of Providence, be the instruments of crushing the rebellion."

CAPTURE OF A GUERILLA CHIEF.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 1863.—The negro troops in this Department, under command of the energetic and indomitable Gen. Wilde, are manifesting very creditable proficiency in their new profession, and displaying a capacity for practical usefulness which has, at length, silenced here every objection to their presence in the army. They are now in active service at several points, and but one opinion is expressed respecting their efficiency. Those especially that have been raised in this neighborhood, being familiar with every by-road, path, and hiding-place in the swamps and forests, are so many human ferrets, from whom rebel vermin has little chance at escape. It will be safe to predict a speedy end to partisan warfare in districts where they are extensively employed. From the experiment which has proved so successful here, important results must eventually follow.

For several months past, the counties east and north of this place have been infested by a gang of banditti under the command of a daring and desperate villain named Burroughs. Infantry and cavalry have at various times been sent in pursuit of these rebel "partisans," but hiding in the pathless swamps, or assuming the guise of peaceful farmers, every expedition against them proved fruitless.

Last week, however, the tide of fortune turned. Col. A. G. Draper, commanding the Second North Carolina colored regiment, left his camp near Portsmouth on Monday, on a recruiting expedition and a "gorilla" hunt. Passing through Norfolk into Princess Anne County, he encamped the first night near Kempsville. The next day, entering what is known as the Pungo district, he had hardly commenced recruiting when he received information that the guerillas were on his track. This was presently confirmed by finding the bridge across Nanney's Creek torn up, and a rifle-pit dug on the opposite shore, which, however, had been abandoned. From this time every precaution was taken to prevent surprise, and a day or two passed, when such intelligence respecting the movements of Burroughs and his band reached Col. Draper as led him to resolve on their capture. The ingenious means employed to entrap the wary guerillas I will not detail. Suffice it to say, that Yankee shrewdness, with the endurance and faithfulness of the negro troops, proved too much for rebel cunning. After several days of marching and countermarching, a feigned abandonment of the district and two sleepless nights, the notorious chief, who had so long eluded the vigilance of our scouts, and who boasted that he could not be taken, was captured at his island home, near the sea shore, with several of his band, and conducted by a guard of contraband soldiers in triumph to the jail in Norfolk.

The importance of this capture is great—breaking up, as it does, a numerous and pestilential band of guerillas. Burroughs is a noted man in Princess Anne County. He ran against Henry A. Wise for the State Convention, which was held in the Spring of '61, as the "Immediate Secession" candidate. He is a Methodist preacher, and is said to possess great wealth. At the breaking out of the war he raised a cavalry company in Princess Anne and entered the rebel service. About a year ago he returned to Norfolk, went voluntarily to Gen. Viele, and was paroled. Soon after his return home he was created a "Major of Partisan Rangers" by the authorities at Richmond, and, in violation of his pledged word, commenced the organization of a band of robbers, which has since spread such terror through the surrounding country. For this capital offence he is now on trial, before a military commission appointed by Gen. Butler. He will probably be executed in a few days.

COLORED SOLDIERS IN LOUISIANA.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

PORT HUDSON, LA., Thursday, Dec. 31, 1863.

Nine months ago the Corps d'Afrique was organized at Brashear City. At that time every officer and enlisted man who came from the North to take positions in this branch of the army was met on every hand with sneers and ridicule. These gentlemen were moved with the force of honest principle, and nothing could move them from the solemn work which they had undertaken. To succeed was their grand aim. To fail was not considered either honorable or possible. The old tyrant Davis, by his promise of death to every officer who should engage in this work, did more to strengthen their hearts and nerve them to victory than anything else. And then the hate exhibited to the movement by such sheets as *The Express* and *World*, and other such organs, tended to produce the grand results now witnessed at this and other points, where great columns of stalwart black men are being prepared to measure steel with their white foes. Here at Port Hudson we have nearly thirty regiments under Gen. Geo. L. Andrews. These are being drilled as fast as possible; indeed some may be already called veterans, because of their heroic deeds, their noble efforts in the trench, and in the deadly combat. Instead of being unpopular, what is now the reputation of their corps? I can answer best by saying that the Examining Board, of which Col. James C. Clark is President, has upon its roll *nine hundred* applications for commissions. And some of the applicants are old Democrats who "hated the nigger," but whose eyes are opened to see in the negro not only a man, but a faithful helper in this glorious struggle of the Union for life and honor.

We have in nearly every regiment of this corps a successful school in full operation, with an extra staff officer, with the rank of Lieutenant, as instructor. Already the men who, in the estimation of Copperhead slave-worshippers, were too dumb to learn, are learning fast. In the Seventh Regiment alone, where Lieut. R. G. Seymour (no relative of Horatio) is teaching, nearly all the men, and all the non-commissioned officers are reading, and some are writing; and this, too, after an effort of only three weeks. I have never seen persons so eager to learn, and it is in this that we find the secret of their success. They have been lashed and lacerated, crushed and ground; so long deprived of books or any other means of improvement, that now, when a book and a teacher are offered, they leap for joy, and take to the work with a right good will. It is intended by Gen. Andrews that by Spring every colored soldier in this corps shall know how to read, and every non-commissioned officer how to write. There could be no better means than this for the elevation of the colored soldier to be not only a better soldier, but a better man, who will thereby be fitted for that state of society which a wise Providence seems to have ordained for this country in the future. In the education of the colored soldier, slavery and rebellion receive a heavy blow.

An expedition started from here on the 23d inst. for some point west of the Mississippi, and near the mouth of the Red river. There were four regiments, in command of Col. Dickey, of the Twelfth regiment of this corps. As a rebel force was known to be hovering in that vicinity, it was expected a sharp fight would occur, and every preparation was made for it. Although the rebels fled, and there was no battle, yet the occasion served to ascertain the disposition of the troops. *From the start till the return to camp, they evinced the greatest degree of enthusiasm, and were wonderfully delighted at the idea of fighting their old masters.* A few prisoners, a large lot of fine fat mules, and an immense quantity of corn, fell into our hands. The latter article was greatly needed. And here I am reminded of a strange fact, that whereas last Summer the Southern rebels had to eat food intended for beasts, at the present time our horses and mules are often reduced to such straits that soldiers' rations have to be issued to them. This is a shame, and the Quartermaster should remedy the evil.

THE MUTINY AT FORT JACKSON.

New Orleans, Jan. 2.—You have no doubt had all sorts of versions, as we have, as to the difficulty with the colored troops stationed at Fort Jackson, a couple of weeks ago. The facts of the case are very few and simple. It appears that one of the officers there in command had rendered himself obnoxious by his treatment of the negro soldiers, such as striking them for not properly saluting him, instead of teaching them the proper way. On one occasion a man is said to have been tied on his back to the ground and his face smeared with molasses, so that the flies worried the poor fellow dreadfully. The climax was his undertaking to use a rope on one of the men. The result was, the men revolted, mutinied, and tried to find the officer, whom they threatened to kill. A number of shots were fired, and everything was in a state of confusion for a few hours. Nobody was hurt, singularly enough. One officer told me he had been through the Gettysburg fight, and he expected the Fort affair would have proved as dangerous to all concerned. The leading men have been tried by court-martial, and I suppose two or three of them will be shot. The officer is also on trial, and no doubt justice will be done impartially to all.—*Cor. Tribune.*

HEADQUARTERS CORPS D'AFRIQUE IN NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans, Jan. 2.—There has been a sort of pitched battle here during the last two weeks between a Mrs. Brandt, a neutral Confederate rebel, and Col. Bange, Chief of the Corps d'Afrique in town. Ever since Brig.-Gen. Ullman, now stationed at Port Hudson, came down here, the headquarters of the corps has been the Merchant's, formerly Robb's, Banking House. Since the formation of the 1st National Bank, the premises have been assigned to the use of the new bank. It became necessary for Col. Bangs to find new quarters. After a diligent search, a house on Camp street, belonging to one Jennings in the rebel army, and which had previously been libeled, was selected as a desirable place. The house was occupied by Mrs. Brandt, who for a long time had made it the headquarters of rebels. Here they used to meet, take counsel, bring their contributions for rebel prisoners which Mrs. Brandt used to distribute. Other parties had had the house assigned to them, but Mrs. Brandt wouldn't go out. After considerable strategy, sundry changes of base, and some skillfully executed flank movements, Col. Bangs's men obtained possession. Mrs. B. at once went to the Commanding General and reported them in possession with out orders. She afterward reported to Col. Beckwith a falsehood, upon which she got the "Corps d'Africa" ejected. Her success was brief, the falsehood discovered, and Col. Bangs took possession—and still holds undisputed sway over "Castle Brandt," as they have designated it.—*Cor. Tribune.*

Summary.

"Sir," said a young wife to her husband, a few days after marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that your chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?"

The Prince of Wales, not long since, it is said, had to be respectfully called on to extinguish his cigar after having entered the portals of the Opera House, Covent Garden.

It is now discovered that pictures may be photographed on steel, and an engraving thus obtained will give five thousand copies. Illustrated books will now be the rule rather than the exception.

PROGRESS.—In the course of an article on the Amnesty Proclamation, *The National Intelligencer* says:

"If the Proclamation of January 1st, 1863, was constitutional and proper at the time of its promulgation, *there is no slave legally held to-day in the State of Alabama.*"

Thirty-seven members of the U. S. Senate are now thoroughly identified with the Republicans, and attend the caucuses of that organization. This would be a majority of the Senate if all the States were represented. The Senators thus acting include at least four heretofore connected with other parties than the Republican, viz.: one from Maryland, one from Missouri, and two from West Virginia.

Andrew Jackson Donelson, American candidate for Vice-President in 1856, was lately arrested for saying that he wouldn't trust Jeff. Davis "further than a blind mule could kick." He was let off and found that his friends had stolen his bacon while he was gone. Better take the oath, Andrew, and save your neck, though it is too late to save your bacon.

Since the occupation of Little Rock, Ark., by our forces, seven thousand persons have come in from the surrounding country, five thousand of whom are now in the Federal army. A correspondent says that in less than twelve months Arkansas will have a free State Constitution, and be identified cordially with the anti-slavery cause.

ABANDONED PLANTATIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—An officer of the government, who lately arrived in Washington from North Carolina, reports that the scheme for the occupation of the abandoned plantations in that State is working admirably, the rental already producing a revenue, besides relieving government of the support of thousands of poor people, both white and colored.

The remark that none but "conservative" members of the Cabinet had accompanied the President to Gettysburg—the Radicals having remained behind—drew out this gruff reply from United States Treasurer Spinner, whose elaborate signature is seen on the greenbacks: "There's d—d good Scripture for that, 'Let the dead bury their dead.'"

Thirteen men visited the house of Mr. M. A. Linton, a Quaker, residing near Richview, in Washington County, Ill., on the night of the 5th ult, armed with revolvers, and demanded his daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, just home from school, on pain of the instant death of the entire family in case of refusal. Resistance was impossible; the girl was dragged to her room, forced to dress, carried to a buggy, and taken away; eight men remaining to guard the house until morning. No clue to the villains or her whereabouts has been gained.

A writer in the Louisville *True Presbyterian* (the most treasonable paper within the Union lines, we believe) complains bitterly that the New York Tract Society has become subsidized to abolitionism, and forsaken its good old ways so far as to publish in the Christian Almanac for 1864 an article virtually holding up every slaveholder to the condemnation and scorn of the world. This *The Presbyterian* thinks "equals in lying and meanness the incendiary issues of the original American Anti-Slavery Society."

By the statutes of Missouri the state canvassers are required, within twenty days after a State election, to count and make returns of the votes given. It is now almost two months since an election was held for Judges of the Supreme Court, and yet no certificates of election have been issued. It is conjectured that the reason is because the canvassers mean to reject the soldiers' votes, and are apprehensive that the State Senate, now in session, may reverse their action. By waiting till the Legislature shall have adjourned there will be no redress for a fraudulent return.

SLAVES IN TEXAS.—A gentleman lately from Texas informs the New Orleans *True Delta*, that there has been a large increase of slaves in the State. Great numbers of white immigrants, with their numerous slaves, have poured into all the Counties of the State, from Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana. Our informant met occasional bands of negroes going in the direction of Mexico. Many negroes were being sold at auction in Houston, bringing about $3,000 Confederate currency—say $300 in gold.

THE TEXAS COTTON TRADE, which had been quite vigorously carried on for a year past, has been permanently arrested by Gen. Banks's occupation of the Rio Grande. This movement of Gen. Banks has proved a severe blow to the Texas cotton traders, in which the rebel government was largely interested, and our informant thinks that Magruder will strain every nerve to drive out the Union forces. The Union army, however, is highly favored by the configuration of the country, and the character of it between the Rio Grande and the Neueces, where, from the scarcity of water, only cavalry moving from post to post can operate to advantage.

A REFUTATION OF BISHOP HOPKINS.—The Loyal Publication Society, 863 Broadway, has just published an answer by Professor Henry Drisler, of Columbia College, to Bishop Hopkins's "Bible View of Slavery," which we can recommend for general circulation among the class of people who are likely to have been affected by the sophistries and the unfounded assertions of the Bishop. Professor Drisler completely exposes the absurdity of the arguments by which Bishop Hopkins attempts to justify slavery out of the Bible; he proves this pro-slavery Bishop to be ignorant of the Scriptures, illogical and bigoted.—*Eve. Post.*

ANECDOTE OF BUTLER.—Enter a bluff, rosy Lieutenant, the picture of health, bearing in his hand a doctor's certificate, which declared that the Lieutenant could not live thirty days longer in such a climate as that of Louisiana. The General looked at the man in some amazement. "You see, General," said the Lieutenant, "that the surgeon of my regment says I can't live thirty days in New Orleans." "Do you think so?" asked the General, looking him steadily in the face. "Well, General," replied the officer, with a manifest abatement of confidence in his cause, "I shouldn't wonder if the surgeon is right." "I propose to try the experiment," said the General. "I think you'll live. But if I should prove wrong, I'll ask the surgeon's pardon. If he is wrong, he shall apologize to me."—*Parton.*

THE NEGRO IN ROME.—It would appear from the following paragraph which we find in the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph* of Dec. 2, that the prejudices which our Irish Catholic fellow-citizens so often display against the negro is not derived from Rome—the headquarters of Catholicity—to the teachings of which they are supposed to render such implicit obedience:

"A young American Democrat went recently to Rome to study for the Priesthood in the Propaganda. He begun his first letter from the Eternal City as follows: 'The first thing which forcibly attracted my attention here, was the discovery that the Prefect of the class in which I am placed *is a nigger.*' What a dreadful thing! A young American not only compelled to associate with a negro, but to acknowledge him at the head of his class. What's to become of the Church?"

ETHERIDGE REBUKED BY A KENTUCKY LOYALIST.—A Washington correspondent of the New Hampshire *Statesman* says Emerson Etheridge was recently introduced to Brutus J. Clay of Kentucky, and immediately began to denounce the government. Mr. Clay, after hearing his tempest a few moments, replied: "Well, Mr. Etheridge, this is pretty rough. Before the war, when I was a Democrat, I used to hear of you down in Tennessee as an Abolitionist. You must have lately changed your views." This was somewhat wilting to the retiring clerk, who supposed he had got a man after his own heart. He plucked up courage, however, and went into another tirade. Mr. Clay, thereupon, with calmness mingled with manifest indignation, rising to his full height, interrupted: "Well, sir, this is our first meeting. Your language, sir, seems to me atrocious, and all I have to say to you is that when men talk thus down in Kentucky, we regard them as secessionists and treat them accordingly."

AN ABOLITION MEETING AMONG THE IRISH.—The domestic servants at the Astor House had a grand ball on New Year's Eve, the Stetson family and several invited guests participating. As the Old Year gave place to the New, Mr. Stetson, proprietor, wished them all a happy new year, and was followed by Adjt.-Gen. Thomas, then on his way to Washington, who, as *The Tribune* reports, "made a few remarks in which he expressed the belief that slavery is dead and can never be brought to life again." It was probably the first Abolition Lecture that most of the party had ever listened to, and the circumstances were favorable to a good impression upon the audience. The place, the parlor of a principal hotel; the orator, a Major-General in the army of the United States; the occasion, the midst of New Year's festivities. If all this does not make them good Abolitionists, we shall be greatly surprised.—*Independent*

It is said that Judge Taney has for many years appeared as if about to drop into the grave. As long ago as 1810, a gentleman in Maryland having some interest in a disputed land case, in which there was considerably more feeling than money involved, inquired of a merchant in Baltimore for the name of some able lawyer to be employed. The name of M

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE RELEASED.

BY LIEUT. ENOCH G. ADAMS,

Company D, Second New Hampshire Regiment.

OVER the dark cloud of her life
The rainbow of Death ascended,
And her spirit went through its triumphal arch,
Like a hero when battle is ended.

She never will wake in the gloomy night,
And dread the coming morrow,
She has gone where the strains of Eternal Peace
Hush the wild notes of sorrow.

The angels of light, they met her that morn,
Close by the gates of wonder,
Which turned on their hinges to music sweet,
Then gloriously fell asunder.

Then her spirit went up New Jerusalem's street,
With the angels of God around her;
And there, from the amaranth bowers above,
With a garland of beauty they crowned her.

Then she seized in her hand a harp of gold
In that wilderness of splendor,
And poured forth a song, of thanksgiving full,
Ineffably sweet and tender.

The angels took up the ending song
In a full and mighty chorus:
"All glory to the Lamb that was slain,
To the Lamb that goes before us."

The sapphire hills that were gleaming there,
With a grandeur serene and splended,
Repeated in echo, again and again,
The strain that should not be ended.

And the river of Life, that is flowing for aye
From the throne of the Great Jehovah,
In silvery cadences, sweet and low,
Kept singing the chorus over.

O what to her are the griefs of life!
Like clouds in remotest distance,
Since she's entered upon a glorious state,
In a blissful and new existence.

She weeps not that her path through life
Was roughened by thorn and briar,
Since the griefs that consumed her *mortal* state
Only brought her *heavenly* nigher.

Her path was stony, her path was rough,
And her feet were torn and bleeding;
But she bathes them now in the River of Life,
From the Throne of the Lamb proceeding.

And binding her golden sandals on,
With a joyous step and vagrant,
She wanders along where the lily-bells
Are showering their odors fragrant.

No light of the sun or moon is there,
But a soft and crystal brightness,
Like a cluster of stars, the Deity's throne
Stands afar in its silvery whiteness.

And ever above it a rainbow gleams,
A pledge that the Godhead has given,
That undisturbed shall the quiet be
Of inhabitants of Heaven.

O for the pen of the angel that stands
In the book of Life recording
The deeds of the just, to tell of the joys
That the righteous are rewarding!

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

SPEECH OF HON. THEODORE S. FAY,

At the Thanksgiving Dinner of Loyal Americans, at the St. Petersburg Hotel in Berlin, Prussia, Nov. 27, 1863.

. . . THERE is a country called Dahomey in Africa. The government is a despotism, pure and simple—hell-born, God-defying—without disguises or pretensions to be other than it is. The king has founded his commercial prosperity upon the slave trade. He makes war upon the neighboring tribes, thus procuring slaves for exportation. His people manufacture spears, swords, daggers, clubs; but his chief staple is men, women, children, young girls. He is worshipped as a deity. One of the sacred symbols is a leopard, another a serpent, perhaps a rattlesnake. The royal bed-chamber is paved with skulls; the roof is adorned with jaw-bones of chiefs he has slain in battle. Once a year all the women of the country appear before him. He selects, first, wives for himself, then for his ministers and officers. If any persons would speak to His Majesty they must approach by lying flat on their faces and rolling their heads in the dust. One of the late kings was named Bossa. His first act of sovereignty was to put to death every person of that name in his dominions.

The atrocities perpetrated to supply the slave trade pass all comprehension. The king is not a mawkish sentimentalist—no fanatical "puritanism" embarrasses his large mind, or checks his far-seeing projects to place on a solid foundation the powerful empire of Dahomey. Once a year he holds a grand festival, which lasts for several weeks, during which he waters the graves of his royal ancestors with the blood of hosts of human victims. A few years ago he caused to be built a reservoir, and collected human beings for sacrifice—enough to fill it with blood—so that he could appear on those gory waves in a boat, and his admiring subjects behold him in all the greatness of his power and the beauty of his glory.

The British government—for England has ever stood in the van of civilization—is a declared enemy of slavery, a Christian nation (from her noble Queen flows out through the world an example for all women and sovereigns)—may her statesmen never lower her among the nations—the British government remonstrated with the King of Dahomey upon this grand annual festival. The bland monarch replied, it was undoubtedly objectionable in many respects; but it was a "peculiar institution"—a legal institution—and one of the corner-stones of the Kingdom of Dahomey. Foreigners could not understand its operations, and under these circumstances it was not easy or expedient to abolish it abruptly!

Ladies and gentlemen, I stand here to defend the King of Dahomey. Africa, by its natural configuration, the absence of bays, gulfs, inland seas and great navigable rivers, has, in the mysterious plan of God, been almost unavoidably left in a state of barbarism. A recent traveller states, he saw in its interior people coming from market with baskets of meat which proved to be fragments of human bodies. This is the land of the King of Dahomey. No white-winged ships sweep across that continent from the different quarters of the globe bearing improvements of civilization and the light of the gospel.

When this dark ruler shall be asked at the bar of his Maker, "Why hast thou done this?" I believe he will answer: "I had no light—I had no Christ. Father, forgive me!" And will not the Infinite Mercy cover him with its mantle?

Ladies and gentlemen, there is another land. Its natural configuration marks it for the seat of a high civilization. Gulfs, bays, lakes, rivers are there—the largest and most numerous of the globe. There the school, the pulpit and legislative chambers have been at work. The press speaks aloud. The word of God flows in streams broader than the greatest rivers. Yet, in that land—almost on the estate of Washington—by order and under the very eyes of that bad man, Jefferson Davis (whose name has been held up for veneration by a British statesman as the "creator of a new nation")—ten thousand prisoners of war, who have given their life for Christian liberty and for the right of free labor—whose only crime is defending their legitimate government (which Earl Russell has declared a great blessing to mankind)—ten thousand prisoners of war are held in Libby Prison in Richmond by a usurped, vindictive, tottering, poverty-stricken authority, so that many of them are *starving to death*.

This seems exaggeration. I have reason to believe, from public and private sources, that it is *true*. One hundred and eighty were lately released (on account of their dying state), squalid, meager, exhausted skeletons; eight died on their way home; thirty-five died afterwards, and thirty are stated to be dying. This atrocity is unequalled, either by the Black Hole of Calcutta, the cave of Aigeria, or the fete of Dahomey. The latter is prolonged only three weeks. They are not tortured. They are mercifully massacred, as our butcher slays the ox. A blow with a club—a sombre groan—and the deed is done. But in the Libby Prison *I know* some have been six months. Many have become insane from want of food, and their maniac shrieks ring through the building. The kitchen adjoins the dead-house, where the corpses are suffered to accumulate till the keepers are obliged by their stench to remove them. The man in command at the prison is called Gen. Winder. A jailer, with some humanity left in him (not Gen. Winder), threw to one of the prisoners a piece of bread. The wretched being grasped it with his bony hand, and died before he could raise it to his lips. Is there any one with heart so dead and with mind so besotted as to plead, in defence of this crime, the law of nations, the laws of war, or that the rebels themselves have no food? If they cannot feed their prisoners, why do they not parole them?

This is the explanation:

The exchange of war prisoners is arrested by the following dilemma: The rebels refuse to exchange negro war prisoners on the same footing as white—meaning to treat them as criminals. Our government cannot, ought not, to exchange on such conditions. The rebels, doubtless, under other circumstances, would not deliberately starve ten thousand prisoners to death; but, themselves in want of food, drunk with rage and despair, and unwilling to betray their poverty to the world, they thus retain prisoners whom they have no means of feeding. The spirit in which this is done may be judged by the following remark in a late number of the Richmond *Enquirer*: "Let the d'm—d Yankees learn to meet the bullet on the battle-field, but let them take care *not to get into the Libby Prison!*"

The Richmond *Enquirer* means, in other words: "Leave the negro war-prisoners entirely to our tender mercies, and surrender the principle which lies at the bottom of this war, or we will leave your ten thousand white countrymen to perish by hunger." This, I believe, is the spirit of that narrow-minded, selfish, unscrupulous demagogue, Jefferson Davis, and the desperate adventurers in his immediate confidence—not, I am sure, of all the Southerners, or even the Southern leaders, among whom are honest and good people enough, duped or forced into this crime.

I have placed the King of Dahomey and Mr. Davis together, because they belong together. The two gentlemen are associates in business. They do the same work, deal in the same article, and in the same spirit—the spirit of savage despotism, and the lowest pecuniary speculation. The King of Dahomey sweeps the adjoining territories with his armies, in order to procure a supply of the glorious staple, while Mr. Davis has organized this rebellion for the purpose of creating a large demand. The firm consists of three parties: the King of Dahomey is the resident agent in Africa; Mr. Davis, the head partner, resides, for the present, in Richmond; the third partner, of inferior rank, but equal utility and merit, is the slave-trader—the ferocious pirate who carries the human cargo from Africa to Cuba, and whom the success of the rebellion would admit into the ports of New Orleans, Charleston, New York and Boston. Both empires have the same object, and are built on the same corner-stone. If Mr. Davis succeeds, it will consolidate and extend the empire of Dahomey. If the King of Dahomey and his compeers be suppressed, the whole enterprise of Mr. Davis must fail for want of supply.

It is true the bedchamber of Mr. Davis is not paved with human skulls; but has not his gigantic crime laid a hundred thousand—yes, three or four hundred thousand—heads in the dust, and carried anguish into almost every family of the country? It is true he has not filled a cistern at Richmond with blood, and thus outwardly revealed himself to his admiring followers in a boat; but the waves of blood upon which he has attempted to float his barque into power—are they not far greater in quantity than was ever shed by his royal partner? They are marked by the Christians of the earth; and God has doubtless noted them in that great book out of which, we are told, "the dead shall be judged according to their works."

The King of Dahomey is said, under the influence of the British government, to have modified his annual festival, and to have discovered that palm oil, ivory, salt, etc., are articles of commerce as well as slaves. Will not the British government and the newspaper organs of British public opinion persuade Mr. Davis, also, that slavery and the slave trade are not, as he has officially proclaimed, "*the corner-stone rejected by man and received by God*," but the corner-stone rejected by God and by civilized men, and defended only by the Devil and his children?

Again: The British government and press promptly remonstrated with the Federal government for its pretended intention to destroy Charleston harbor. Why do they not now remonstrate with Jefferson Davis for unnecessarily and ferociously inflicting upon so many prisoners the most frightful, lingering form of death?

Whence this black treason—these diabolical crimes and passions in our once happy land? They are the children of slavery. What fairer offspring could such a mother bring forth? How strikingly it recalls the passage quoted by Mr. Senator Sumner:

"Pard genders pard—tigers from tigers spring,
No dove is hatched beneath the vulture's wing."

SOUTHERN SENTIMENTS ON THE AMNESTY PROCLAMATION.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 29, 1863.

ONE of the principal questions of the day is, How will President Lincoln's Amnesty Proclamation be regarded by the people of the South? Whatever tends to throw light on this question is necessarily of special interest. There are men in Chattanoogo who, if they are not themselves rebel at heart, seem to understand how rebels think and feel on most questions. They, moreover, seem to know pretty well what is going on outside of our lines, and some of them can, when they choose, tell you some things obtainable by no ordinary mode of communicating. They rank themselves, generally, as loyal men, and I suppose they are, after a fashion. This class, if they mean what they say, and I am inclined to believe they do, are heartily satisfied with the terms of the proclamation, and say that, all through the South, just as soon as they can do it, the great mass of the people—especially the property-holders—will make manifest their willingness to accept them.

This property consideration—the property that is going to be saved, about which all question is to be put to rest as to confiscation—is an important feature in the case. The truth is, very few in the South do not know and feel that by rebelling a great wrong was done and a corresponding penalty incurred. As the prospects of the rebellion have waned, the query in the minds of the property-holders has been about their property—how they were individually to be affected when the grand smash came. Mr. Lincoln tells them if they throw up their hands it shall be even quits; and, as I have said, it is the belief of those who seem to be the best informed hereabout that the mass to whom the proclamation is really addressed will gladly come into the arrangement just the first moment they find themselves in a position to do so.

Of course, the protection they require must be given by our armies, and this will henceforth be an important feature of the advance into the Confederacy. The olive branch will not be less conspicuous than the sword in our future movements. It will necessarily be a long time before the terms of the proclamation will be thoroughly known to the people of the South. The state of helpnessness which has succeeded the late rebel reverses has prepared the way for the proclamation in the minds of all who have not resolved to sink or swim with the leaders, for whom there can be no terms.

I have seen several refugees lately from Georgia, some of them quite intelligent, who take this view of the case. They say that the Southern people were not prepared for such manifest justice, such fairness, such liberality. Of course, say they, the extensive slaveholders will kick against the anti-slavery clause; but then they will save their heads and their other property; and in this light the proclamation opens to them the only way of escape.

Prisoners who, from their past connection with people of Georgia, and from their present means of judging, are able to give an intelligent opinion, do not doubt this is substantially the case, so far as regards that State, particularly the northern part.

In Tennessee there is evidence that the proclamation will be well received by sympathizers with the rebellion, and even with what are left of those who gave it their active aid. The Nashville *Press*, the journal most favored by these classes, and which has been as rebellious as it dared, warmly approves of the proclamation, and warns the people of Tennessee against committing the folly of rejecting its terms. I think the proclamation knocks the legs from under what there was left of local rebellion in this State. Here there is a well-defined anti-slavery sentiment, independent of the proclamation. There is not only perfectly free discussion of the question, but it is discussed on its merits, as a question of humanity and interest. Tennessee to-day is in this light ahead of Kentucky, and I would trust her loyalty under almost any test.

Eastern Tennessee will early move for a separate State organization, and she will get it. She has little in common with the rest of the State, and nature has defined her boundaries and distinctive characteristics too plainly to be mistaken. She could no more be made to be a slave State than she could be made to sanction the rebellion. Her natural alliance is with the northern portions of Georgia and Alabama, and ultimately this connection will be consummated. Northern and Eastern capital and enterprise will find their way hither almost as a matter of course. In mineral riches this new State would abound to an unparalleled extent, while in agricultural resources it would take high rank.

SOUTHERN HEATHENISM.—The Rev. Mr. Hepworth in his volume, "The Whip, Hoe and Sword," giving an account of his experiences as a Chaplain, tells the following story. A friend of Mr. H. attempted to speak with some of the poor whites in Southern Mississippi upon the subject of religion:

"After he had talked with a number of stragglers, he entered one of the low huts, and began to converse with the ancient dame. Soon four sons came in, and joined in the conversation; then the old man, the patriarch. He was the only one who made any pretensions to know anything of God or duty. My friend spoke of the Lord. He told of his suffering, and at last exclaimed—'And it was he, the dear Son of God, you know, who died that we might live.' The family all stared. The patriarch alone failed to be startled. Leaning forward, and putting his righ hand behind his right ear to enable him to catch every sound, he cried out—'Mister! did you say it was the *Son* of God who died?' 'Yes, my friend; and he died on the cross.' 'You are sure it was the Son?' 'Yes. Why?' 'Oh, nothin! only I allers thought it was the *old man!*' This anecdote is sacrilegious; but it bespeaks a degree of moral depravity and of woful ignorance such as can be found in only two places—in the South and in Central Africa."

THE OLD MAN'S DARLING.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

[It adds considerably to the spiciness of the following wonderfully wise verses, to know that they are written by one of the very plumpest, healthiest, and most whole-souled of the black-eyed beauties of our time—such a woman as is not likely to fall to the darling-izing of any but the choicest of young and hearty men.—*Home Journal.*]

So I'm "crazy," in loving a man of three score;
Why, I never had come to my senses before,
But I'm doubtful of yours, if you're thinking to prove
My insanity, just by the fact of my love.

You would like to know what are his wonderful wiles;
Only delicate praises and flattering smiles;
'Tis no spell of enchantment, no magical art,
But the way he says "darling," that goes to my heart.

Yes, he's "sixty," I cannot dispute with you there:
But you'd make him a hundred, I think, if you dare;
And I'm glad all his folly of first love is past,
Since I'm sure, of the two, it is best to be last.

"His hair is as white as the snow-drift," you say,
Then I never shall see it change slowly to gray;
But I almost could wish, for his dear sake alone,
That my tresses were nearer the hue of his own.

"He can't see," then I'll help him to see and to hear,
If it's needful, you know, I can sit very near;
And he's young enough yet to interpret the tone
Of a heart that is beating up close to his own.

I "must aid him"; ah! that is my pleasure and pride.
I should love him for this if for nothing beside;
And though I've more reasons than I can recall,
Yet the one that "he needs me" is strongest of all.

So, if I'm insane, you will own, I am sure,
That the case is so hopeless it's past any cure;
And, besides it is acting no very wise part,
To be treating the head for disease of the heart.

And if anything could make a woman believe
That no dream can delude, and no fancy deceive,
That she never knew lover's enchantment before,
It's being the darling of one of three score!

MR. PHILLIPS'S SPEECH.

From Harper's Weekly.

THE late speech of Mr. Wendell Phillips has naturally provoked a great deal of censure. His sharp and direct criticisms upon men and measures cannot fail to exasperate the friends of both, and his sarcasms, while they sparkle, sting. We do not agree with Mr Phillips in his estimate of the President, of Mr. Seward, or of Mr. Chase; and we certainly do not acknowledge the justice of a criticism of the public action of public men which takes no account of circumstances. Statesmanship is no more the doing, or the attempt to do, what the statesman may individually think to be abstractly right, without regard to the conditions that surround him, than seamanship is laying a course and persisting in it, spite of the wind. In fact, the wind will control the ship, and public opinion the statesman.

Probably no man in the country would more heartily assent to this than Mr. Phillips; and the apparent injustice of his criticism of public men arises from the fact that he always regards the man instead of the officer. If the attainment of the end desired depended solely upon the will of the man, the work would always be easy enough. But when the cardinal condition of success is the consent of other men, the work is plainly difficult and gradual. If Mr. Phillips made the point clearer, not that the President ought to do this or that, but that the people ought to wish him to do it, and insist upon his doing it, he would be juster to what we supposed to be his real view.

For it should be borne in mind always, that there is but one key to all the discourses of this eloquent orator. A true Democrat, with the fullest faith in the people, even in "the pavement," as he expresses it, his constant purpose is to stimulate, enlighten, and elevate public opinion, in order that its servants, the magistrates, may obey it. Mr. Lincoln, he says, is a good man; he will do what the people wish; therefore the people must be made to wish the best thing. That is certainly fair enough. But when he adds that the President is a growing man, because we, the people, constantly water him, then, as it seems to us, the orator misapprehends the case. It is not the convictions of Mr. Lincoln, but the executive action of the President, that we water. A few years since Mr. Phillips called Mr. Lincoln the slave-hound of Illinois, and yet, three years before, this slave-hound had made the plainest statement of the vital and radical conflict between slavery and liberty in this country. Mr. Lincoln has learned upon that point nothing new. His convictions about slavery are substantially now what they have always been. So his view of his military power over it was exactly the same when he nullified the orders of Gens. Fremont and Hunter that it was when he issued the final order of January 1, 1863. But his convictions as a man, and his power as a magistrate to fulfil them, are entirely different. He had no doubt, as appears from his letters to Gens. Fremont and Hunter, that he had the right to emancipate slaves as a military measure, and he certainly had no doubt that slavery was the root of the rebellion. But he did not, for that reason, think it wise to begin the war by emancipation. For he was acting not upon his own convictions as to slavery and its relation to the war, but upon his conviction of what was wisest to be done under all the circumstances. Had he acted otherwise he might have been a very good man, but he would certainly have been a very poor officer.

It is not, therefore, the President who is growing, but the popular conviction upon the subject of slavery. And we certainly know no man who has more faithfully and copiously watered that than Mr. Phillips. His work in arousing the public mind to the real issue of our times is already as historic as that of James Otis at an earlier day. Like him he has been, of course, hated and defamed by the interest he attacks, and also, like him, has often outrun the sympathy and tried the patience of many friends of the cause he serves. But in censuring him his critics should understand exactly his position. It is that of a man who will not be content with anything done so long as anything remains to do; who believes that selfishness is always alert, and that the only way for men and nations not to go backward is to go forward. But to go forward they must be incessantly urged, and the urging must often be sharp and stern. While, therefore, he is glad of every step gained, he leaves to others the part of sitting down and congratulation. For himself he steps forward and asks, What next?

Now this is the spirit which saves society. It is not genial, however sweet and friendly the man inspired by it may be. It must be always in the minority; for the moment the path is accepted and popular, the pioneer is already far out of sight, demolishing new impediments. It seems often rough and unfeeling; for sleepers cannot be always or wisely roused by gentle taps and soothing tones. The office of this spirit, of which the career of Mr. Phillips is our most complete illustration, is to discover in good things how they may be made better; how men may become more manly, and America more American. The President, for instance, can supply reasons enough for what he has done. Mr. Phillips would supply public opinion with reasons for asking him to do more. These reasons may be good or bad; but a man whose purity of life and nobility of character, no less than his genius consecrated to human progress, class him among the truest Americans, is not to be disposed of as a scold or a professional caviller. For it is precisely such men as he who have kept the sacred fire of liberty burning in this country, while other men sneered and slept.

A REMINISCENCE OF SPEAKER COLFAX.—Eighteen years ago, at one o'clock of a Winter moon-light morning, while the horses in the stage-coach in which I was plowing the thick mud of Indiana were being changed at the tavern in South Bend, I walked the foot-way of the principal street to shake off a great weariness. I saw a light through a window. A sign, *The Register*, was visible above it, and I saw through the window a man in his shirt-sleeves walking quickly about like one that worked. I paused, and looked, and imagined about the man, and about his work, and about the lateness of the hour to which it was protracted; and I wondered if he was in debt, and struggling to get out, and if his wife was expecting him and had lighted a new candle for his coming, and if he was tired. A coming step interrupted this idle dreaming. When the walker reached my side I joined him, and as we went I asked him questions, and naturally they were about the workman in the shirt sleeves. "What sort of a man is he?" "He is very good to the poor; he works hard; he is sociable with the people; he pays his debts; he is a safe adviser; he doesn't drink whiskey; folks depend on him; and all this part of Indiana believes in him." From that day to this I have never taken up *The South Bend Register* without thinking of this eulogy, and envying the man who had justly entitled himself to it in the dawn of his manhood. That man when 25 years of age, and again when 29 years old, was sent by his neighbors to the National Presidential Conventions; when 27 years old was sent by his neighbors as a wise political reformer to the Constitutional Convention of the State of Indiana; was sent by the same neighbors to Congress in the year 1854, and kept there by them from that day to this. On the first Monday of this month of December, the Republicans of the House of Representatives unanimously elected him the Speaker of that body.—*Samuel Wilkeson's Speech at the Press Dinner in Washington.*

PORTRAITS.

Boston Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

THERE is a class of men who are not made the subject of daily editorials in the N. Y. *Herald*, but who are doing a wonderful work. I refer to the men who organize freedmen's societies, and committees for recruiting, and loyal publication leagues and emancipation bureaus. Mr. Phillips, though not a voter, is essentially a politician. His tastes are in the direction of politics; he likes to consult and advise with politicians, and if not hampered by constitutional opinions, he would be at the head of the radical politicians of the State, wise, cautious, crafty even, in counsel, in caucus and in convention. I remember when some of us were urging Mr. Sumner to attend the State Convention of 1862, Mr. Phillips advised the contrary. We should have thought better of his advice if he had been going to Worcester to help meet Richard H. Dana, whose adroitness and skill well nigh defeated all our well laid plans. But I am going to speak of another class of men, some of whom are skilled politicians and some are not. It is curious to see a meeting of the committee on the enlistment of colored troops. John M. Forbes is its chairman, a man of headlong and driving energy, long time an Abolitionist, and, more than any other man, the confidential adviser and helper of Gov. Andrew. He attends to everything, writes letters, raises money, liberally contributing himself, sends messages to Washington to direct and organize Congressional opinion, makes or persuades editors to write leading articles to enforce his views, hunts up members of Congress in vacation time, dines them at the club, and sends them back full of practical suggestions, which reappear in bills and resolves the month after. Amos A. Lawrence is always there; not originally an abolitionist, but a conservative; fearful that something will be done contrary to law and Constitution; trying to train the cannon-ball of war so that it will "come round the corn-field and the hill of vines, honoring the holy bounds of property" (see Coleridge's Wallenstein, and pardon me if I have perverted the exquisite illustration),—but as zealous and liberal as any other man, in the great work of raising men, without distinction of color, to fight the foes of American nationality. There is F. W. Bird, who combines, better than any other man, wise political foresight and practical wisdom of organization—hurrying in from his paper mill to the State house, there to hear pardon cases, or the representative of the Maine claim, or to consult with the treasurer as to investments or loans; thence dropping into the newspaper offices to leave scraggly manuscripts or long, uncondensed extracts, thence to the committee room to scold and dogmatize so wisely that his suggestion and resolution is almost sure to be adopted; anon to the Adirondack mountains for a week's rest to that restless brain, and then to Fortress Monroe to fill up Walpole's quota, stopping at Washington to talk with Wilson and Sumner, or to "fix" a country post-office, or to get a friend who deserves it into a good government place which needs him. There is Judge Russell, ubiquitous, who, they say, holds courts and gives able charges, but I can hardly believe it, for he does everything else, and knows everything going on in the city. Coöperating with these are Edward Atkinson, one of the ablest men in the State, and particularly wise on the whole subject of cotton and emancipation and free labor, S. G. Ward, the banker, Alpheus Hardy, Dr. Beck of Cambridge, Henry B. Rogers, George William Bond, Le Baron Russell, Samuel G. Howe, George L. Stearns, and so on. I have included Dr. Howe and Dr. Russell because they are engaged in kindred enterprises, but they are not on this recruiting committee. I would give more portraits if I were not afraid of tiring you.

MISS DICKINSON AND THE CHICAGO FAIR.

IN a scurrilous notice of the admirable lecture by Miss Dickinson, at the City Hall, the Portland *Argus* says:

"Miss Anna E. Dickinson, who charged and received $600 for making two addresses on the occasion of the great Western Fair, at Chicago, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, delivered her abolition tirade at the City Hall, last evening. * * * In connection with the fee received by this woman at Chicago, we are fain to believe, that she is probably the only one in the country, who would take money for rendering a service to sick and wounded soldiers."

This copperhead slander of a patriotic, wholesouled, sacrificing young lady, which is repeated in *The Argus* for the half-dozenth time, has been explained by the Chicago *Tribune*, so that only the meanest creatures that walk the earth—*those who are willing to strike a woman*—continue to retail the foul aspersion upon her philanthropic spirit. The facts are simply these, as given in substance by the Chicago paper, and as confirmed by Miss Dickinson herself, while in this city.

The Committee of the Chicago Fair wrote to Miss D. to know what price she put upon her lectures, and to engage her for the Fair. She replied that she had but one price for her lectures—*one hundred dollars*—but that she could not visit Chicago, as her time was all taken up during the season of the Fair. The Committee wrote again, insisting that she should fix a price for lecturing before the Fair. She again replied that the thing was out of the question, as, in order to go to Chicago as desired, she would be obliged to cancel appointments for *ten different places*. The Committee, not satisfied, voted to appropriate *one thousand dollars* to secure her services, then wrote accordingly, and made an urgent appeal for her to yield to their solicitation.

Seeing the action of the Committee, and the urgency with which they pressed their suit, she withdrew her appointments, for which she would have received one hundred dollars each, went to Chicago and gave two lectures. The Committee generously offered her the $1,000, but she declined to receive over $600, thus, instead of "taking money for rendering a service to sick and wounded soldiers," as charged by *The Argus*, she cheerfully sacrificed the opportunity to earn $400, which sum, by every fair-minded person, will be put down to her credit as a contribution to the Sanitary Commission. One fact more: the two lectures of Miss Dickinson netted the Fair *eleven hundred and forty odd dollars*, after the expenses and her allowance were paid. During the first six months of the war, Miss D. contributed her personal services, as a volunteer nurse in the hospitals of Pennsylvania, for which she received no salary or compensation. Such are the ways in which this noble young woman has "taken money for rendering a service to sick and wounded soldiers." When the editor of *The Argus*, assisted by the entire cabal for which that paper is the mouth-piece, shall have done half as much for the benefit of the Union cause; when they shall have individually or collectively sacrificed the opportunity to put half as much money in their own pockets, for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, then they can assail her with a fraction more show of propriety. But so long as they do nothing except to growl at all attempts to restore the Union, and to defame all who are laboring for the sick and wounded soldiers; so long as they head a simple notice of a course of lectures for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission with the word "Advertisement," and charge for it accordingly, they have no right to complain of lack of benevolence in others.

We have no idea that *The Argus* will make atonement for its attack upon a talented and philanthropic lady by giving the facts; it will prefer the unenviable reputation of having, cowardly and ruffian-like, *dealt a blow at a woman*, whose only shield is her virtue; whose only defence is her spotless purity and good works. But the blow, though dealt by a cowardly hand, and in an assassin spirit, falls harmless. Miss Dickinson will live in the memory, the affection and the Christian prayers of those who listened to her eloquent and pathetic pleadings on Wednesday evening last, when the names of those who basely assail her shall fester in the dishonored grave of utter forgetfulness.—*Portland Press.*

THEY WANT TO BE FREE.—Of one thing I am sure: the slaves everywhere have an intense longing to possess their own bodies, and to govern their own fortunes. No one could have accompanied our forces through the Teche without being deeply impressed with this fact. They crowded to the highway to see us pass; and clapped their hands, and sang and prayed, as banner after banner, beneath whose folds to-day there are no slaves, went by. Their expressions are quaint, but full of meaning. "Tank God! de day is come at last!" said one old man, as he reverently raised both hands in benediction over our boys. I could not help feeling that there was no harm in bowing my head, as the white-haired man hoped God would take good care "of de young master." Still I could not see the use of freedom to one so aged; and said—"Uncle, freedom will do you no good; for you are just on the edge of the grave." "I knows dat, master; I knows dat well enough; but I've got my boys; and I bless you all, kase you give 'em free."—*Rev. Mr. Hepworth, in "Whip, Hoe and Sword."*

WAITING.

BY MRS. ELIZA S. RANDOLPH.

SIX: nay, at six, in any case
He could not come; 'tis evening chime,
And if I reach the trysting place
Whole hours before the trysting time,
'Tis not with any hope to see
Unseemly soon my love appear;
He is no idle maid like me;
He has high things to do and bear.
And not for worlds would I that he
For love should weakly eager be.

Seven: still an hour; not long to wait;
But sixty minutes—fifty-nine,
Scarce time to quite anticipate
My joy—not near enough, in fine.
And yet—it might be—some new chance,
Some plot to take me by surprise—
If round yon rock a form should glance
And strike on my astonished eyes!
Nay, down my heart! It is not he;
True love must not impatient be.

Eight: *now*, my heart!' A step this way,
...'Tis past. Yon horse... It disappears.
A shout...'tis but the watch-dog's bay.
Ah, he is playing with my fears.
Or sleep has held him over-long,
(Could *I* sleep?) Or his friends detain,
(Would friends keep *me*?) Or duties throng.
Or—see this sky—he hates the rain.
No, no; he keeps his tryst with me;
True love shall not suspicious be.

Nine: now by all I feel this hour,
This is no love! and for my part,
I pray he never more have power
To outrage thus a woman's heart.
Let him have never wife and child
To waste their hours at window-pane.
Let him on no home-hearth be coiled
To bask, and give no warmth again.
Gorge him with comforts—let him be
From love's least obligation free.

Ten: and the night grows black and chill;
The way is long; the road is lone.
Who knows what thousand forms of ill
May be along that pathway strewn?
A stumbling horse; a secret foe;
Even murder slinking on his track;
The strife in darkness—the last blow—
Oh, would some chance might turn him back!
Peace: he is no poltroon like me:
His own right arm his guard shall be.

Eleven: 'tis o'er. My hope is gone.
He will not come. My life is dread.
Aha, my love—my truth—my own,
I knew, I knew you would be here!
Art hurt? Art weary? Rest thee now;
Nay, rest and speak not, while I pour
Through living fingers on thy brow
My too much life in thine once more.
Such thoughts I had—I blush to tell.
I see thy face, and all is well.

—*Independent.*

OBERLIN FREED BY T. D. WELD.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Independent* gives the following as a true history of the Anti-Slavery character now so well established by the Oberlin (O.) College. It will interest our readers, especially since so many are now familiar with the honored name of Theodore D. Weld, through whose instrumentality, with his associates, Oberlin was made free:

"In its origin, Oberlin was not originally anti-slavery. An incident made it so. In 1834, Theodore Weld, since famous as an abolition lecturer, was a theological student at Lane. At his instigation, a series of meetings was held by the students for the discussion of the slavery question. They were continued for eighteen evenings, and resulted in numerous anti-slavery conversions. The young men followed their convictions with work. They engaged in the formation of colored schools in Cincinnati. They entered into public discussion in the press. Three years previous the first number of *The Liberator* was published. Two years previous the first Abolition Society was formed. Abolition was not only unpopular, but dangerous. The Trustees of Lane Seminary were prudent and conservative men. The institution must not be compromised. Availing themselves of the absence of two of the faculty during a vacation, they passed a law forbidding all discussion of the slavery question in public or private.

"A large majority of the students withdrew in a body. Theodore Weld was at their head. A few months they continued their studies as best they could. Then a correspondence was opened between them and Oberlin. They offered to enter that institution in a body if the Trustees would agree, thenceforth, to receive students irrespective of color. The agitation into which Oberlin was thrown by such a proposal was intense. The excitement ran so high, that the Trustees adjourned their meetings to a neighboring town. At length the proposition was carried by the casting vote of the President, and Oberlin became thenceforth the friend of the colored man.

"From that day to this the only qualifications for an entrance into Oberlin College are, a good moral character and sufficient mental attainments."

ORIGINAL COPY OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Chicago Correspondence of Zion's Herald.

"T. B. Bryan, Esq., of New York, has bought the original copy of Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation for $3,000."

IN the last number of *The Herald*, which has just come to hand, I find the above item, which is not wholly correct, and which I deem to be a matter of sufficient importance to be corrected. The item is all correct, except that Bryan is *not* "of New York," but of Chicago, and would have been Mayor of the city of Chicago to-day, had it not been for illegal voting, by which his copperhead competitor secured the election.

It was in "Bryan Hall," built and owned by this same Mr. Bryan, that the great Northwestern Fair was held, at least so much of it as could get into the hall, and it was the same gentleman that made the opening address of the Fair.

But the object for which the Proclamation was purchased reflects the greatest credit upon both the patriotism and generosity of Mr. Bryan. It was purchased and presented to the soldiers of the Union, to be held in trust for them by the Soldier's Home of Chicago, an institution which Mr. Bryan had much to do in founding. Feeling the full value of the document, the ladies composing the Board, inspired by so responsible a trust, resolved forthwith to appropriate it to the erection of a permanent home for disabled Union soldiers. The proposition of the managers is to ask of the loyal men, women and children of the Northwest, a dollar each with which to purchase this document, the products to go towards the erection of a permanent Soldier's Home in the city of Chicago; the Proclamation to be framed in the wall of the building, a lasting memorial of the wisdom, benevolence and patriotism of the generous donor, and the active benevolence of the Northwest.

While speaking of this Proclamation it may be in place to say that a jeweler of Chicago, Mr. Hoes, offered a premium, a fifty dollar gold watch, to the person making the largest contribution to the Ladies Fair. On the sale of the proclamation for $3,000, it was ascertained that the President of the United States had made the largest contribution, and was consequently entitled to the premium. But instead of Mr. Hoes giving the fifty dollar watch, he sent to the President one worth one hundred and fifty, which was formally presented to Mr. Lincoln by Hon. I. N. Arnold, Representative to Congress from this district.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—Night usually passes into morning by imperceptible gradations. Between is an indefinite boundary of twilight. The Middle Ages passed away and the higher enlightenment of the Present succeeded, but how slowly! Who can tell precisely *when?* The *metamorphosis* of the "ponderous" *North American* has no analogy in the laws of growth. It has suddenly, by one enormous stride, stepped from the conservative Past to the radical Present. Heretofore it has aimed to be a respectable Brakeman; all of a sudden it takes the honorable post of Engineer. Heretofore it has been the servant of a scholarly propriety, following public sentiment, correcting its aberrations, more cautious than need be, to keep the *even* tenor of its way; now it becomes a leader and pioneer, fearlessly entering upon the career of progress, inciting, urging on the rear guard of dignity and prudence. When it was announced that James Russell Lowell was to be one of its editors, the comment in a certain quarter was, "It remains to be seen whether *The North American* is to come up to Mr. Lowell, or whether Mr. Lowell is to go down to *The North American*." The January number satisfactorily solves the problem. The three papers, "The Bible and Slavery," "Immorality in Politics," and "The President's Policy," are ample guarantee that the venerable quarterly will do pioneer work in shaping, and infusing genuine life into, the future of our nation. Says the writer of the paper last named: "To interpret the Constitution has hitherto been the exclusive prerogative of Slavery; it will be strange if Freedom cannot find a clause in it that will serve *her* purpose!" There is no mistaking this sententious period.—*Boston Trumpet and Freeman.*

CHRISTMAS IN A STATE PRISON.—The inmates of the Massachusetts State Prison were allowed to celebrate Christmas. Work was suspended at 11 o'clock, a. m., and a meeting held in the Chapel, for devotional exercises and addresses by the Chaplain and others. The Warden said his particular object in addressing the men was to inform them of the very gratifying result of their contributions to the late Sanitary Fair. He took pleasure, he said, in announcing that their articles (with those contributed by Messrs. Tucker & Co. and Holmes & Co., and which were made in the prison) had realized the very handsome sum of $951 15. There was no table in Music Hall, he thought, around which there clustered so much interest as the one bearing the specimens of their skill and industry, and he was confident that if they had contributed ten times as many articles they would have found a ready sale. He informed them that the rings and tooth-picks which they contributed were eagerly sought for at half a dollar each, and he had no doubt half a bushel of them could have been disposed of. Some miniature ships which they contributed, forming altogether quite a naval fleet, brought prices ranging from $2 50 to $50; work-boxes sold for $5 and upward; a cradle for $18, and a small crib for $25. The latter was given back and again sold for a similar sum, thus realizing $50 for the fair. Some shoes which they contributed sold for $5 per pair, and small articles